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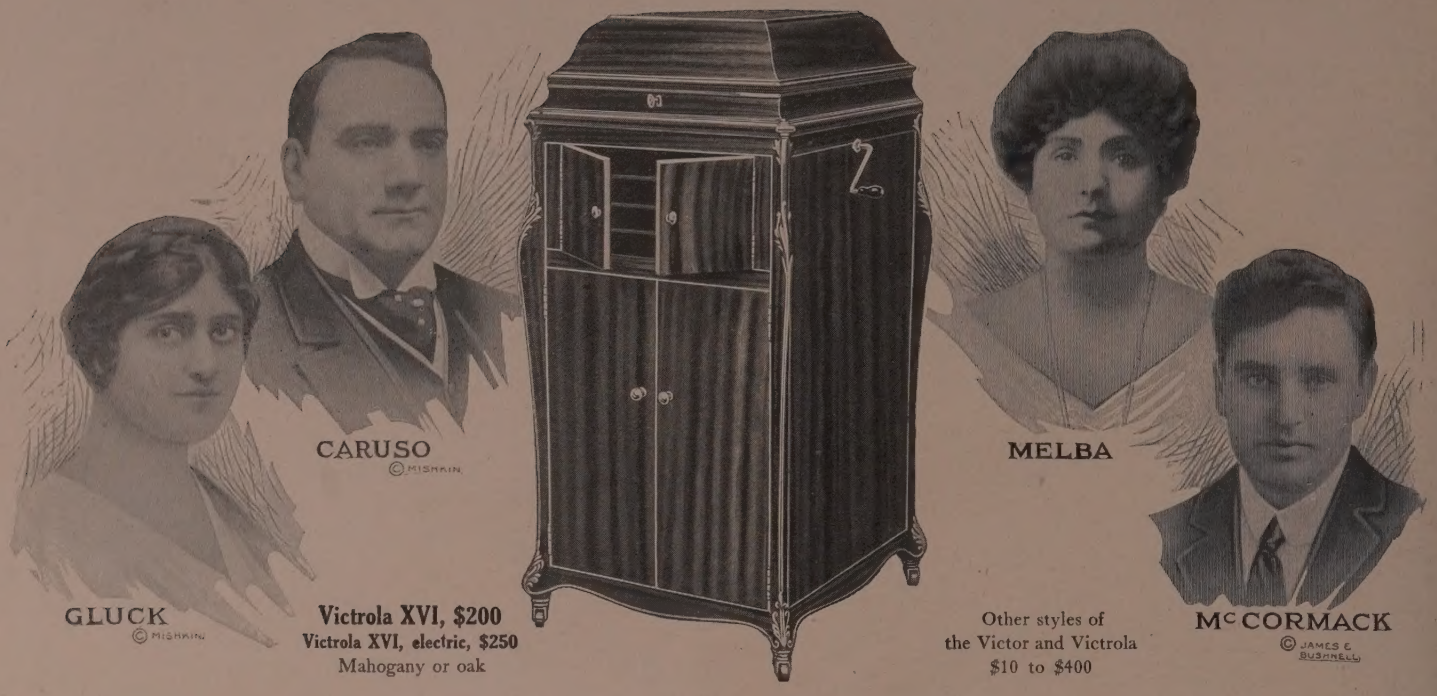


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# THE THEATRE

OCTOBER, 1916

DID you see it? Everyone's talking about it.

What? The September THEATRE, of course.

You didn't see it?

Well, you certainly missed one of the finest numbers we ever issued.

We wish we could print all the congratulatory letters we received, but frankly we haven't room.

But here's one of 'em, and they're all in the same vein:

THE September issue of THE THEATRE is positively exciting. I like the new systematic arrangement. It lends a certain stateliness to the magazine. 'Mr. Hornblow goes to the Play' is capital—very compact, clever and appealing. The magazine is becoming more charming each season."

SEND for a sample copy (free). It'll give you an idea of the kind of magazine we are. You'll want it very badly once you see it.

Better still, enclose check for $3.50 and we'll mail you the magazine regularly for a year.

It's the only way to keep posted on what's going on in the theatre.

THE September number was good. We admit it.

The present (October) number is better. It speaks for itself.

The November number will beat them both—see if it doesn't.

Features! So many, both in text and pictures, that we can't remember them all off hand.

YOU'VE heard of Max Marcin, one of the successful newcomers among our younger dramatists? His play, "Cheating Cheaters," is the talk of Broadway!

Mr. Marcin has written for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE a clever and delightful article, giving a glimpse into some of the difficulties that beset the playwright's path.

He and other famous authors will contribute regularly to the magazine. Watch for the announcements.

DID you know that Edward H. Sothern, after saying farewell to the stage and just before leaving America for good, acted for three big motion pictures which are to be released immediately.

In our next issue we shall print a number of unique pictures showing Mr. Sothern posing for the "Movies" together with an interesting interview in which he tells all about his recent experiences before the camera.

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, EDITOR


THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR.


AREN'T these strikes something awful?

Worse still—when the theatre managers go on strike.

Then what will the public do?

Read in the November number Alfred Grunberg's amusing account of what happened on Broadway when the leading producers decided on a lockout.

YOU haven't forgotten Jane Cowl's success in "Within the Law" and "Common Clay." Unquestionably, she's one of the most appealing and interesting among our younger actresses. If only for that reason alone, her personal reminiscences, in our next issue, will be read with avidity.

Don't miss this feature which is illustrated with rare and heretofore unpublished family portraits.

IN this number Montrose J. Moses begins his interesting series on the Early American Dramatists, whose plays are to be discussed by the Drama League.

In the November issue Mr. Moses writes about William Dunlap, who has been called the father of the American Drama.

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*From a portrait by Saronv*

VIOLET HEMING

Playing a leading role in Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Flame," at the Lyric

# THE THEATRE

## PROSPERITY VERSUS ART

*By* ARTHUR HORNBLOW

THE best plays are written on an empty stomach.

It was Gustav Amberg who gave utterance to this sage dictum at the time he was directing the destinies of the Irving Place Theatre, then in the heyday of its prosperity, when discriminating New Yorkers eagerly made the pilgrimage to Fourteenth Street in order to see better plays than American managers were in the habit of providing on Broadway.

Gerhardt Hauptmann had already produced his poetic masterpieces, the beautiful dream play, "Hannele" and "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Sunken Bell), so long a prominent feature of Mr. Sothern's repertoire. Hermann Sudermann's "Die Ehre" (Honor) and "Heimat" (Magda) were still the literary sensations of Europe.

Discussing with me these works and the then prevailing singular dearth of any new plays of exceptional merit, the German manager bewailed the fact that neither Hauptmann nor Sudermann had since given the world anything commensurate with their first triumphs, and pointed out that the substantial reward which these two authors had reaped with the plays mentioned had apparently had the disastrous effect of checking all further inspiration.

This, indeed, proved to be the case. Although they wrote other plays neither Hauptmann nor Sudermann produced in later years anything which compelled public attention as did these early efforts from their pen.

Prosperity had throttled art.

JUDGING by certain recent Broadway offerings, some of our own playwrights are likewise suffering from Getrichquickitis, a dangerous and insidious disease from which few ever make complete recovery.

Would Willard Mack, who first won his spurs with "Kick In," inflict on us such stuff as "Broadway and Buttermilk" if he were not so choked with royalties that he can scarcely draw breath?

Would Roi Cooper Megrue have jeopardized his hope of immortality with such impoverished fare as "Seven Chances" if his earlier play, "It Pays to Advertise," had not filled his coffers?

Take some of the sensational successes of recent years—plays that really made good.

Most of them were written on a stomach that, if not exactly empty, was at least unspoiled by the bilious viands and expensive wines with which your coupon-cutting, preposterously prosperous dramatist is supposed to regale himself.

Elmer Reizenstein was a ten-dollar-a-week clerk in a lawyer's office when he wrote "On Trial," a play which ran over a year in New York alone, to say nothing of its record on the "road."

Bayard Veiller, formerly a modest newspaper reporter (Mr. Veiller is still modest but he has ceased to be a newspaper reporter) probably did not count himself in the Morgan class when he wrote "Within the Law," another phenomenal record breaker and money getter.

Poor Charlie Klein, kept going for years by the generosity of friends who believed in his talent, made his first big killing with "The Lion and the Mouse," a play which netted its sponsors a million of money!

Klein never again wrote as big a play nor—so far—have Reizenstein or Veiller.

To paraphrase the old proverb—nothing succeeds less than success.

THERE are, of course, the usual exceptions to prove the rule.

Winchell Smith, who wrote "The Boomerang," scores another bull's eye with "Turn to the Right." Avery Hopwood, who made a fortune with "Nobody's Widow" practically his virgin effort, once more turns 'em away with "Fair and Warmer."

But these and other successes are merely oases in an arid desert of labored and commonplace over-production.

During the season of 1915-16 one hundred and fifty plays were staged in the metropolitan area of New York City alone.

Of these one hundred and fifty plays, only thirty-six reached one hundred performances. The percentage of hits was high—higher than usual, it being an exceptionally prosperous theatrical year. The remaining ninety-four plays averaged about four weeks on Broadway and then were either quickly hustled off to "the provinces" to fill "time" in empty theatres, or else, if a very hopeless case, were despatched to cold storage.

One Broadway production recently, "Yvette," at the 39th Street Theatre, had a run of one consecutive night. The luckless actors, who had been rehearsing the piece for the previous three weeks without pay were only sorry it didn't close sooner.

Most of these failures, hastily put on and as hurriedly withdrawn, insulted the theatre-goer's intelligence as well as they taxed his patience and his pocketbook.

A maturer judgment would not have presented them at all. So many failures are the inevitable result of too many theatres, senseless managerial competition and of the general theatrical situation which unless checked, threaten to discredit the craft of the playwright and bring disaster to the theatre itself.

CONDITIONS as they are to-day are not only unfavorable to our dramatists doing their best work; they are actually antagonistic to it.

The playwright no longer has a message for his fellow-man. But he has a contract in his pocket as well as a fat check. If he succeeds in hitting the public taste there are also visions of automobiles and other material joys.

To-day the average dramatist is necessarily a hack. He does not write to satisfy his own conscience. He writes to please his manager, often on lines actually laid down for him.

He writes at giddy speed for time must be filled at this or that theatre and Jones, who made 'em sell out last season, is logically the man to turn the trick again. So Jones gets a big advance, with peremptory orders to "speed her up."

That's how the American play is written to-day. That's how the rapid-fire novelist turns out his "best sellers." We are living in an extravagant age. The good things of life appeal to authors as well as to other humans. The age when the poet sent out his message from a lonely garret is gone by. Your up-to-date playwright is a person of social importance. He has half a dozen motor cars, a steam yacht, and a Japanese butler. This costs money and to make money he must do what the manager wants him to do. Sometimes he hits it off, but oftener he doesn't.

Which explains why so many new plays go the doleful way of the storehouse.

TIME was when a theatre manager stood for something more than a mere name on an ash barrel.

In the days of Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly and Albert Palmer there was a standard of taste. The "tired business man" had less to say than he has now.

Perhaps there were fewer "low-brows" to contend with at the time when Thirtieth Street marked the Northern boundary of Manhattan's theatre district and the Rialto was still confined to Union Square.

No doubt the old-time manager's task was easier because he had a smaller, more cultured audience. The melting pot, with its varied ingredients and necessarily democratic, leveling tendencies, was not yet simmering loud enough to bother him. The local theatre was still aristocratic in spirit if not in form.

The manager was a personage of importance in the community, a man of distinction and achievement whom one met in clubs, drawing rooms or wherever people of refinement or culture gather. To-day, with only few exceptions (you, Mr. Manager, who read this, are, of course, included among these happy exceptions) the American theatre manager is to the general public little more than a myth. It used to be the special pride of one very prominent director that the public had never seen him or his portrait. He even boasted that some of his actors did not know him, even by sight.

How was it possible for a man standing so aloof from his fellows to keep his finger on the public pulse and gauge correctly the tendencies and real taste of his day? (*Concluded on page* 244)

# THE STAGE CHILD AND THE LAW

*By* BEN B. LINDSEY

JUDGE OF THE JUVENILE COURT, DENVER

ONE morning about ten years ago, in the mass of correspondence that comes daily to my court, was a neatly penned note from a little girl.

She complained that she and her brother had been denied permission in Boston to take part in a well-known play. Her mother had a part in it. But her brother had been arrested for a misdemeanor on the street at ten o'clock at night. This she complained never would have happened had he been allowed to remain with his mother on the stage. She wanted to know if I couldn't change the law or give her permission to play her part.

I afterwards met the little girl. Her grief at being denied permission to play was pathetic. Being a stage child it was contrary to my expectations, at that time, to find she was an unspoiled, charming, intelligent little girl, with all of the winsome sweetness that one might expect of a child reared in the best of homes. And this is the type of child I have met with mostly in my own personal experience with stage children. I promised the little girl that I would investigate the subject thoroughly. And I did. That investigation has covered more or less of the ten years that have since intervened. In that time I read and heard all the arguments for and against the stage child.

The stock arguments on both sides are well known. Managers and others contend that in order to produce great actors, it is necessary that they should begin early. Distinguished Thespians are held up as examples and proof of their contentions. The opposition insist that the majority of our best-known actors began their careers after they were sixteen years of age. While it will be seen that all this has nothing to do with the contentions of this article yet when a comparative table is made, measured by the number of adults who have appeared as actors within a given period and the number of children who were really child actors—and not including the great number pressed into some temporary service—I believe the advantage is with those who advocate the right of actors to appear upon the stage as children. And while I am against children on the stage, if it is really true they cannot be given reasonable protection, I believe generally that the sooner one's education for an artistic profession begins, the greater the chances in the end for accomplishment. Of course, this means real education, and not mere mechanical work.

THEN there is the stock argument that the physical and moral health of the child is endangered on the stage. As a part of this kind of protest there is also a line of opposition backed by certain facts, or alleged facts, and figures that at first took me quite off my feet. But after my own investigations I found that many of the alleged facts were much exaggerated or were not facts at all. And then there was much that was so strikingly illogical that, when I drew upon my own experience, I was forced to the conclusion that its application was hardly fair to the stage or the child.

A beautiful girl was brought to me for serious sex delinquency at seventeen. Her mother explained that from the time she was seven to thirteen she had been on the stage. The salary she received enabled her (the mother) to be with her during all of that time. Up to that time she had been carefully guarded and was a good girl. But at the age of thirteen, in the city of Boston, Mass., they forced her to give up her part. That ended her stage child career. They

Photo Moody

REGGIE SHEFFIELD

A well-known boy actor. He is fifteen years old and has played leading parts for the last six years. Before his recent appearance in "The Happy Ending" he played the leading part in "Evidence" and Robin in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with James K. Hackett and Sir Herbert Tree.

both went to work in a department store in the West. The mother said it was then impossible to look after her. In her own home, while her mother was away at work, she went wrong at seventeen.

Between the average child in many average homes of the rich and poor, and the average stage child, the advantage is generally with the latter. There are a far less number of stage children in the entire United States than the children of these typical home conditions in any one large American city. This advantage of the stage child over those in such homes, was largely because the real stage child was a commercial asset to both parent and manager. As a consequence the child profited in most cases in its chances for proper care, nurture, training and education. It was better off and much safer on the stage than this kind of average home from which so many stage children come.

I AM not referring to stage children as the hundreds of children who occasionally in their home towns are temporarily employed, and the extent of whose work is to romp across the stage, or act a dummy part without the slightest intention of becoming an actor. Hundreds of children of this kind are included in the list of stage children from which unfavorable deductions are made by those who insist on absolute prohibition of children from the stage. To my mind this is altogether unfair to the talented child that merely seeks an opportunity for its education and development. It is also unfair to many splendid parents of stage children like the Eddie Foys, Willie Colliers, Caro Millers and others, who ask for a chance for their children to be educated with them on the stage.

Concerning stage children, the Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, in an address at the Hudson Theatre in December, 1911, declared: "If some plan could be devised which would entirely eliminate ninety-five per cent. of the children to-day employed on the stage, and at the same time continue the employment of the other five per cent. under restrictions that would guarantee the protection of their health, education and morals, I should consider that the problem of child labor on the stage had practically disappeared." I am largely in accord with this statement. I am making no plea for the indiscriminate employment of stage children.

When Horace Mann proposed in the Massachusetts legislature a large expenditure for the protection of a certain class of children and it was objected by a member that the number of children were too small to justify the expense, he responded that: "No expense is too great for such a purpose so long as it concerns *your* child." And if it is to do justice to one stage child, I believe it should be done.

THERE are a respectable number of children in this country, who, in my judgment, both from the standpoint of the child, the parent, the theatre, the playwright, and the public, are being unjustly treated by laws that absolutely prohibit the appearance of *any child* under fourteen or sixteen from the stage. I am for the strongest kind of child labor laws and a big part of my life work has been to go to different states of the Union to campaign in favor of the most stringent enactments on the subject. I cast my lot and influence recently with President Wilson, because, in part, of his work in behalf of the federal child labor law; but I have come to the conclusion, after much investigation in many cities and states that included dressing-rooms, school, the stage, the homes, and private lives of both stage children and their parents, that the subject of the stage child demands an entirely different treatment by the law than anything heretofore attempted. I believe the law of the stage child should be found in part—if not in its entirety—in the *school laws* of the State rather than its *child labor laws*.

The difference between the real stage child that I have in mind (*Concluded on page 253*)

Emily Ann Wellman and Lowell Sherman in Act I.

Irene Fenwick in Act II

Irene Fenwick and Gareth Hughes in Act II.

Emily Ann Wellman  Paul Doucet  Philip Seiter  Irene Fenwick

Lowell Sherman  William Devereaux  Emily Ann Wellman

Irene Fenwick and Emily Ann Wellman in Act IV.

The Court Room Scene in Act IV.  Photos White

## SCENES FROM "THE GUILTY MAN" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Claude Lescuyer, a young law student, seduces Marie, a serious minded shop girl. After appealing in vain to him to legitimatize their unborn child, she goes out of his life. Eighteen years pass. Marie is now the wife of Flambon, a brutal dance hall proprietor. Their daughter, Claudine, is exploited as a dance girl by Flambon, who tries to wed her to an old *roué*. The girl revolts and her mother takes her part. He then turns upon Marie and Claudine, infuriated, kills him. The girl is arrested and put on trial for her life. The public prosecutor is none other than Claude, the seducer of her mother. He recognizes Marie, now almost blind, and is overwhelmed. Standing up in court, he denounces himself as the guilty man and Claudine is acquitted.

# PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

## By ROBERT BRUCE MANTELL

BEFORE me, as I write, lies a colored post card with a background of terraced blue hills veiled in mist, and in the foreground a typical Scottish village street, the chief architectural feature of which is a quaint little inn, low eaved and steep roofed, with doors set wide open to show the garden at the end of the "close."

It is not a street as I look at it with remembering eyes. It is a bridge over which I cross the river of years. For the narrow crooked thoroughfare, the mist clouded hills, the old-fashioned inn, all belong to the Ayrshire village of Irvine, and here in this very public house, "The Wheat Sheaf Inn," which was kept by my father, I was born on the seventh of February, 1854. Irvine is eight miles from that other village of Ayr, where Robert Burns was born, and it was doubtless some pilgrim to that shrine of Scottish poetry, who, all unknowing what memories he evoked, sent me the post card as a souvenir of his adventure into the heart of poesy and sentiment.

MY mother's name was Elizabeth Bruce, and she, like all right-minded Scot of that ilk, claimed descent from Robert Bruce, that king of Scotland from whom sprung the Stuart dynasty. I was named Robert Bruce less in honor of the royal hero, I suspect, than because Robert happened to be the name of my mother's favorite brother. Up to the time of his marriage, my father had been secretary to the Earl of Eglinton, and the friendship of that distinguished peer was his until his death. When I was four years of age, my parents moved to Belfast, and there my father was overlord of the Eglinton Winton Hotel, a fine hostelry which still holds its own in the Irish city. In Belfast I passed my boyhood and there I was educated. My parents designed me for the law, and I was set to study for the bar. But Coke and Blackstone were far too lacking in imagination and romance to appeal to a boy who spouted Burns and Hogg and Beattie by the hour and buried his nose in Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott when he ought to have been poring over his text books. In those days amateur theatricals were enormously in vogue among the young, and an ancient play bill treasured to-day, bears the names of myself and all of my brothers and sisters as actors in a Christmas performance with which we entertained our friends and neighbors. A few amateur appearances in minor rôles and a single performance of Iago which, for dark villainy probably laid over any other impersonation of that gentleman ever beheld by an audience, so distracted my attention from my studies that with the enthusiastic approval of my tutors I was placed in the wine and spirit trade before completing my course in law.

Wretched indeed were my few months in business. I loathed commercial activity, and bore myself very haughtily toward the wine trade, shortly abandoning that line to try my luck at selling laces and trimmings.

Here, too, I was lamentably unhappy, and my career was not conspicuously successful. I remember the anguish I experienced at being dubbed "gamps"—a name which stuck to me during my brief commercial life. Approaching the buyer of the largest dry goods house in Dublin (for I had betaken myself to that capital as a purveyor of notions and laces) I asked him if I might show him a fine line of beaded gamps.

*Photo Strauss Peyton*

ROBERT B. MANTELL AS HAMLET

Of course, in the dialect of Edinboro' and Dublin, a "gamp" is a large umbrella and it was a beaded gimp I really had to sell; gimp, I may explain, being a sort of fancy braid.

SHORTLY after earning this soubriquet I saw Barry Sullivan, one enchanted night, as Macbeth. That finished my career in the sordid traffic of "gimps." I promptly ran away to become an actor. I fancy as I recall early recollections of my father and his delight at the amateur performances in which his children shone, that he opposed my infatuation for the stage less sternly than he seemed. I remember hearing him describe again and again his blood curling joy at the performance of Gustavus V. Brooke, whom he had seen enact his classic repertoire in a Scottish barn. In deference, however, to family prejudice, and the better to escape being recognized by godless friends as the unfortunate "gamps," I assumed the name of Robert Hudson and, having definitely struck out for myself on the rugged path of the drama, decided to carve out a high career in America, and sailed for Boston, where I was led to believe young talent was warmly welcomed. My first stay on these shores was a very short one for within ten days after landing under the shadow of Bunker Hill, I started home again. After various tragic struggles which it is scarcely necessary to record, I made my first professional appearance in a speaking part in Rochdale, Lancashire, as the Sergeant in "Arrah-Na-Pogue." This was in the season of 1875-76.

In 1876-77 I went on tour with Miss Marriot, a provincial actress highly esteemed in her day, and in her support played a staggering number of rôles. To those young players of to-day who plume themselves (and quite rightly) on "getting up" in the forty parts or so that sometimes fall to a repertoire actor in a single stock season, I venture modestly to boast that I played more than three hundred characters during my engagement with Miss Marriot. Beginning with Daddy Radcliffe in "Jeannie Deans," a dramatization of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," very popular in the '70's, I played walking gentlemen, leading young heroes, stalking villains, first, second and even third old men, comedy rôles and female characters besides excursions into song, pantomime and the dance. A chap had to be versatile in those companies, and no New York critic was ever keener on the scent for the slightest lapse from classic tradition than were the audiences that cheered the hero or jeered the villain along the route of Miss Marriot's tour.

AFTER the season of 1877 came to a close, I was engaged to open in Newcastle in pantomime. Of this engagement the salient fact that stands forth was that Gerald Eyre, later a New York favorite, was Demon of the Cave, while I played the rôle of the Frog. It was Mr. Eyre's duty, of course, to kick the Frog about the stage. He used to ask, under his breath, "will you stand me a drink after the show?" And knowing that unless I gave my promise his kicks were sure to take on an unpleasant tinge of realism, I used to croak, "Yep, yep, yep," and the best English notices of these earlier days of mine, came from the critic who discovered that I had so closely studied the habits and the accents of the bull-frog, that my hops about the stage, and my croaking "yep" were the most truthful reflection of bactrician naturalism ever seen on the local stage.

Among the visiting stars whom we supported was George Clarke, later a great favorite at Daly's Theatre in New York. Owing to the alcoholic indisposition of the old men of the company, I was cast for the part of Father Doolan, to the "Con" of Mr. Clarke in "Con the Shaughran." Afterwards when I had come again to America and was playing Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora," with Fanny Davenport, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, it was my custom to meet a group of bright spirits at the old Morton House each evening after the play. George Clarke, Bartley Campbell, Leander Richardson and I were settling the fate of the drama at such a gathering one night when the question of bad performances came up, and someone asked Mr. Clarke to name the very worst actor he had ever

AT FOURTEEN

seen. Mr. Clarke mused a few minutes and then replied: "A fellow named Hudson—Bob Hudson—whom I ran across in Newcastle during a tour of the English provinces. He played Father Doolan in "Con the Shaughran," and for utter, hopeless crime his acting lay over anything I ever saw."

"The joke is on me," I said, "for I was that Bob Hudson."

BUT to return to Miss Marriot. After a second season in her company I sailed again for America, and opened for the first time under my own name of Robert Mantell in the support of Mme. Modjeska, on November 18, 1878, in Albany, as Gustave in "Camille." During this engagement I played several Shakespearean characters, including the fiery Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet." Other young fellows in this company were Henry Miller and W. J. Ferguson, then as now, capital actors and sterling human beings.

The illness of my mother called me home in the summer of 1879, and I remained in England for three seasons. From July, 1879, to July, 1880, exactly one year, I toured with the American stars, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight (Sophie Worrell), with whom I opened at the Princess Theatre, Birmingham, as Dick Freely, in "Otto," July 12th. With this accomplished couple I also played Cato Dove in "Forbidden Fruit," closing at Sadler's Wells Theatre in London.

During the tour of the Knights, while playing in Hull, I visited the races which were running on a course about eight miles from the town. Conveyances being lacking I ran the entire distance—not such a feat for a young man raised on the Scotch and Irish moors. But during the sprint back to the theatre, I contrived to strain a tendon, and an abscess formed on my leg which threatened to cause a permanent lameness and end my career as an actor. I made a very rapid recovery and notwithstanding a slight limp was able to open in Birmingham on September 4th of that year as Romeo, in the support of Miss Helen Wallis, a popular Shakespearean star. My first line, "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," was, I remember, received with a burst of applause from a sympathetic audience which had learned of my misadventure. As I recall the event I cannot believe that this early performance of the star-crossed Romeo called for any other applause.

The season of '81-'82 I toured England with Miss Wallis and supported her in a London season at the Olympic Theatre during which engagement I played Orlando, Benedick, Charles Surface, Claude Melnotte, Romeo, St. Cyr in "Ninon" and other rôles. The following year I was engaged as leading support to Miss Marie de Grey, whose *pièce de résistance* was Amy Robsart in a dramatization of "Kenilworth," in which play I was cast for Leicester. With Miss de Grey I also played Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," and a number of Shakespearean rôles, closing on August 7, 1882, with my last English appearance as Macbeth to the Lady Macbeth of the star.

THEN came America again. While playing with Miss de Grey in London I was engaged by the late John Stetson to create the

MR. MANTELL'S BIRTHPLACE, IRVINE, SCOTLAND

AS IAGO IN AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE IN 1875

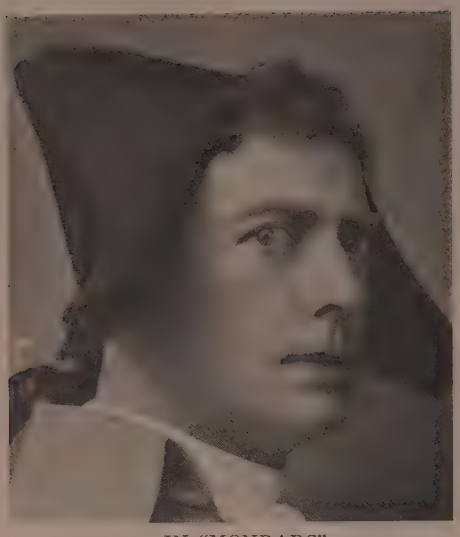
AS LORIS IPANOFF IN "FEDORA"

principal rôle in the American production of "The Romany Rye," but when I reached New York in September, 1882, I found to my acute disappointment that I had been lent to Brooks and Dickson to appear in "The World," a spectacular melodrama, while the late John Norton, afterwards well known as manager of the principal theatre in St. Louis, had been given my part in "The Romany Rye." After four weeks, however, to my great joy, I was transferred to the rôle played by Mr. Norton, and opened in "The Romany Rye" at Booth's Theatre, on the historic night upon which the Park Theatre was destroyed by fire. "The Romany Rye" filled out the season and the following year I was given my first great opportunity in America by Fanny Davenport, with whom I played the part of Loris Ipanoff in "Fedora" with the superb Davenport in the title rôle.

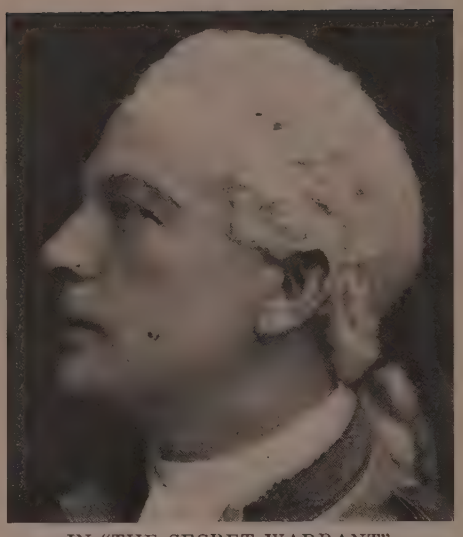
I wonder if I may be excused for digressing a moment to pay a tribute to the memory of that fine artist and great woman? I have played with many actresses in my day, but never have I known a star so generous, so jealously anxious for the success of every member of her company, so absolutely devoid of any tinge of professional selfishness as Miss Davenport. Big-brained and big-hearted she was great as an artist, but even greater as a fine, lovable human being.

After closing with Miss Davenport, with whom I later filled a second engagement in "Fedora," I played at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "Called Back," a dramatization of a popular novel by Hugh Conway, under the management of Daniel Frohman. In April, 1885, I appeared at the opening of the "old" Lyceum Theatre in "Dakolar," under the management of the late Steele Mackaye, who built the theatre, wrote the play and managed the company. Great things were expected of "Dakolar," but even with John Mason and Viola Allen in the cast, it proved but a momentary success and was shortly shelved.

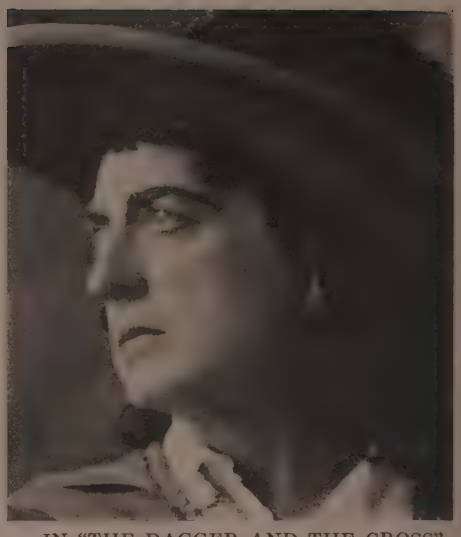
DURING the summer of this year, I was engaged for McVickar's great stock company in Chicago—an organization noted in its day, in which I played a number of parts including Claude Melnotte. Raphael in "The Marble Heart," and for the first time the leading rôle



IN "MONBARS"



IN "THE SECRET WARRANT"



IN "THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS"

MR. MANTELL IN THREE OF HIS EARLIER ROLES

in "Money." After a short visit to England, I returned to finish the season of 1885-86 with Miss Davenport. A brief stock engagement under the management of Al Hayman in San Francisco followed, filling in the weeks of the summer.

During the first season of "Fedora," at one of the symposia I have mentioned at the old Morton House, John W. Keller, journalist and critic, suggested that I should seek a popular vehicle and go starring on my own account. This was the first glimmering notion of a stellar career that ever entered my mind, but Mr. Keller, having introduced the microbe, the serum worked and at the conclusion of my engagement with Miss Davenport in 1886, I entered into a contract with the late Augustus Pitou, by the terms of which I was to star under his management.

A play written by my friend, Keller, and called "Tangled Lives," was the piece selected for my début, which took place September 16th, at New Haven, Conn., with a company headed by Eleanor Carey and including Nelson Wheatcroft, Effie Shannon and "Aunt" Louise Eldridge. For five years I continued under Mr. Pitou's management, appearing in "Tangled Lives," "Monbars," "The Corsican Brothers," and Shakespeare plays.

IN 1891 at the conclusion of my engagement with Mr. Pitou I rented the Lyceum Theatre and produced, as a venture of my own, a romantic piece called "The Veiled Picture." This failed to win public approval and I signed a contract to appear as star under the management of Proctor and Turner, opening in Buffalo August 29, 1892, in "The Face in the Moonlight." The following season I created the rôle of Parrhasius in Espy Williams' classic drama of that name. The season of 1896 I again managed my own tour, but was glad, after some time spent under my own management, to sign a contract with the late M. W. Hanley, who directed my affairs for several years.

DURING this period, I played in "The Free Lance," "The Queen's Garter," "The Husband," "The Dagger and the Cross," a dramatization from Hutton's novel; "A Gentleman from Gascogny," as well as many Shakespearean plays, with revivals of "Monbars," "Marble Heart," "The Corsican Brothers," and other pieces.

In 1907, after several seasons absence from New York, I appeared at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in a romantic comedy, "The Light of Other Days," and in 1908 began my very happy alliance with Mr. W. A. Brady, with whom I have been associated continuously until to-day, and with whom I can ask no better fortune than to remain until the final curtain falls and the lights are "rung out" on my professional career.

During my association with Mr. Brady I have appeared in a varied round of Shakespearean characters, adding "Julius Caesar" and "King John" to my repertoire, and playing the title rôles also in "Richelieu" and "Louis XI." For the coming season Mr. Brady has arranged a repertoire of eleven Shakespearean plays, including a massive production of Shylock, with novel scenic effects.

Early this year I made my first excursion into the realm of the picture drama, appearing in three film productions made in New York and three made in Jamaica. I am not of those who prefer acting before a camera to the greater thrill and inspiration of the living audience, and although enormous financial inducements have been held out as a lure to further appearances on the screen, I doubt if I shall ever again abandon the spoken for the silent drama.

AS I look back over these long years upon the stage, I am profoundly glad and grateful that my lot has been cast with the disciples of the drama. In the law I might have won greater reputation and higher financial reward. Had I clung to commercial pursuits I could scarcely have avoided the accumulation of greater wealth that I have gained by acting. But in no other profession, art or trade could I have been so happy, and in none could I have captured the precious reward that brings its glow to the heart of the actor who follows his star unfaltering along the path of the higher drama.

To have held the torch of Shakespeare aloft and alight for almost a generation, is a privilege worth all the unflagging courage and endeavor, all the energy and inspiration that must be brought to such an effort, and I bless the hour in which I dedicated my career to the highest and best I know in the theatre, and not for all the treasure on earth would I relinquish the right to sign myself: ROBERT MANTELL—Actor.

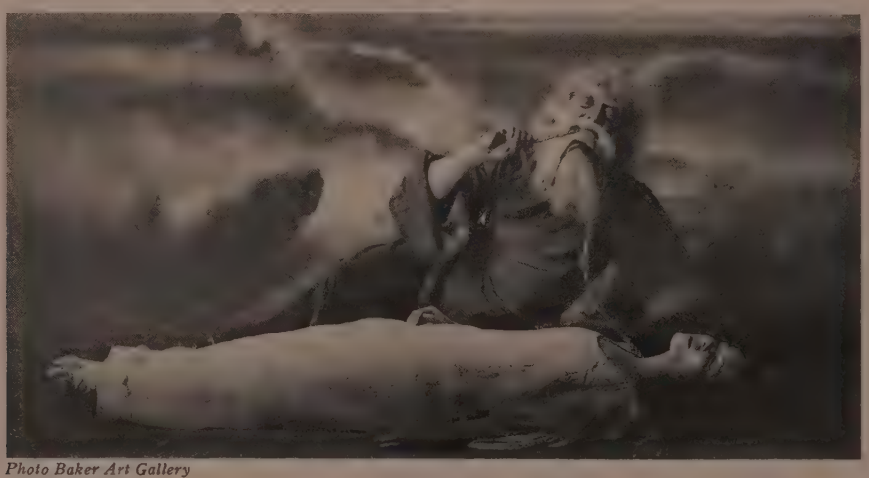


*Photo Baker Art Gallery*

ROBERT B. MANTELL AND GENEVIEVE HAMPER IN "KING LEAR"

*From a photograph by Arnold Genthe*

MARTHA HEDMAN, after a summer spent in the Maine woods, is again back in "The Boomerang." There is no more earnest player than this young actress, who has achieved reputation for charm, talent and exceptional intelligence in three countries —Sweden, her native country; England, where she was Sir George Alexander's leading woman; and the United States in which she made her debut with John Mason three years ago in "The Attack." "I have chosen America for my home," she says. "I come from the North where all are sad and heavy. I love America because it has taught me the art of the light heart."

# THE AUTHOR AT REHEARSAL

## *By* PERRITON MAXWELL

WHY is a playwright?

From the average producer's viewpoint the inquiry is Foolish Question Number 9640 and the answer to it: "He ain't."

When the white-faced and trembling author creeps before the curtain at the end of the "big act," on *première* night, to sheepishly acknowledge the thunderous plaudits of his friends and other deadheads, don't envy him his fleeting honors. He is the most miserable of humans connected with the theatre.

Not because his legs have been suddenly seized with infantile paralysis, not because the emotional riot in his left breast threatens to break through the starched façade of his brand-new dress-shirt, not because his futile attempt to smile with easy nonchalance ends in an expression of petrified agony, but because deep down in his soul is the conviction that he is acting the part of a transparent fraud.

The guilty feeling which possesses him is not unfounded, though his crime has been thrust upon him by brutal and comparative strangers. He is standing for a piece of work that is no longer his own. He has aided and abetted in the creation of a verbal Frankenstein that has risen up to swallow him whole and grimaced painfully in the process of mastication. Somewhere in sight-destroying type in the program you may find his name, but that and his irregularly mailed royalty checks are all that is left of his ego.

IN stageland the playwright is tolerated as a necessary evil like the fire department restrictions and the cost of billboards. Not quite has he been eliminated, but there is a buoyant hope in the managerial bosom that soon the happy, economic day will dawn when plays shall be made by the pressure of a system of labelled keys, a glorified adding-machine, a super-self-acting typewriter. But invention lags and the author survives to make the days of the stage-producer a long-drawn out Gehenna and his nights a horror filled with the wan forms of obtuse writing folk. And why? Let us see.

"When a play is accepted the first thing I do is to have the author rewrite it." A famous New York manager said that, and in saying it he epitomized the whole managerial attitude toward playwrights—known and unknown. To the business branch of the theatre the author is an incompetent, *per se;* he knows not what the public wants; he risks no money on his play and is, therefore, entitled to little if any say in its presentation. Of course he is a handy man to have about the place when a rehearsal is on; he may be requisitioned to put "punch" and "pep" into the dialogue as the producer conceives it, or to invent new situations while the company goes out to luncheon. Beyond that the author is a common nuisance; the stage cat has more consideration at the hands of producer and plays and scene-carpenters.

PERHAPS after all, that is just what he deserves; he does, if he is very young and verdant and self-sufficient. All of which he is—at times. To the author who has won his spurs and is often mentioned in theatrical news-notes and reviews, or who has "put over" three or four money-making hits (along with his average quota of "flivvers") the manager and his producer find it the better part of wisdom to extend the clammy hand of toleration and lend a respectful ear. One does not, of course, deal with an Augustus Thomas or a Winchell Smith as one deals with misguided Hiram Boob who brings down to Broadway from the agitated literary circles of Squash Corners, his six-act tragedy and an inflated idea of his own importance. Success is its own justification and makes its own demands. But between the mountain top and the valley of stageland there is a vast stretch of fertile territory where humans of both sexes with common sense and clear vision toil for recognition and the reward that should go with earnest work well done. Why should this territory be an eternal *terra incognito* of the managerial mind? And it is.

Here is a true picture to prove my point. It is a September morn in New York (the bathing season is over, so don't look for the girl, though she is there), and inside one of the big theatres a rehearsal is on. Three times the author has rewritten the second act of his play; once because he thought the stage producer might be right in most of his criticism of the situations and the "business" they involved; once because the woman star, whose *pro tempore* husband is a two-thirds owner of the production, thought most of the good lines given to other members of the cast should be written into her own part; and once because a war being in progress the manager who is to "present" the play thought a timely element should be infused into the piece despite the fact that its theme is as foreign to war as a spotlight is foreign to modesty.

But it is the author's first play and he had been made to feel his lack of importance from the day the manager wrote him that although it was a very bad piece of work he was inclined to risk a few dollars on it. And now, in rehearsal, he watches the structure he has built up with an eye to logical sequences and truth to character, torn down ruthlessly, brick by brick, while he sits in a far corner, unobserved and figuratively eating out his heart with chagrin.

HERE, Mr. Author," shouts the stage-producer, "you'll have to rewrite the first part of this act. Get in some more sob stuff and about ten laughs. It sags in the middle. Better put in some funny lines for the hero's mother, too."

"Excuse me Mr. Forsham," timidly objects the author, "but don't you think that will make the old lady rather ridiculous. She must have the sympathy of the audience."

"You do as I say," retorts the producer, "And while you're about it fix up the hero's entrance speech so that the people out front will know he's alive. We don't want 'em to think he's going to a funeral instead of going to meet his sweetheart. Better get busy with these things right away."

"But it's impossible to put all that stuff in without ruining the play," protests the author. And growing bolder with his rising anger he adds: "It will be a three-ring circus, not a play, if I carry out everybody's ideas."

"Nothing is impossible except a playwright," retorts the grand mogul of the stage, perpetrating a near epigram. "If this production is to go on, you'll put in it just what I tell you to, or there's nothing doing."

"What d'mean, nothing doing?" asks the author.

"I mean this, bo. You're going to change every little word and every little

(*Concluded on page 244*)

Photo Byron

A REHEARSAL AT THE PLAYHOUSE, NEW YORK

Manager William A. Brady and Playwright Jules Eckert Goodman directing the production of "The Man Who Came Back." Mr. Brady shows his managerial authority by smoking a cigar and lounging in a chair with a coat on. The dramatist (the person on the extreme left) is kept where the manager thinks authors belong—in the pit below.

*Photo Herts*

FRANCES WHITE

Clever dancer and singer now appearing in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

LUCREZIA BORI AT THE BAT

This popular soprano who lost her voice and is now said to have recovered it, will again be heard at the Metropolitan. The singer spent the summer on Blue Mountain Lake

*Photo Jean de Strelecki*

ADOLPH BOLM

As Pierrot in "Carnaval" with the Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe

*Press Illustrating Co.*

THEATRE AT THE FRENCH FRONT

A gift from generous donors to the French Army. The theatre comprises dressing rooms for the actors and two sets of scenery. It can be erected in three hours.

*White*

ROBERT EDMOND JONES

*(Right)*

A disciple of Reinhardt, Mr. Jones is the first American artist to bring originality of design and color to the theatre. His costume designs and setting for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" at Wallack's and his more recent designs for the scenery of "Caliban by the Yellow Sands" and "The Happy Ending" stamp him as an artist of rare imagination.

FLORE REVALLES

*(Left)*

as Cleopatra with the Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe

*© Underwood & Underwood*

## ACTUALITIES IN THE WORLD OF THE STAGE

# THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAY

*By* CHARLOTTE WELLS

*Play reader for the Messrs. Shubert*

AS each season passes and a new one is about to open we hear more or less irritable discussion of the material offered the public, and especially of that mythical thing, "the great American play."

Does it exist, and if so, why is it not taken from the drawer and offered to an anxious and expectant public.

An experience of many years, and the reading of many thousands of manuscripts, both native and foreign, as official playreader for an important firm of American producers, has not convinced the writer of this article that true genius is often wholly neglected, though it doubtless fights harder for recognition than mere talent, and for a very simple reason.

THE producers of plays, with a few notable exceptions, are governed largely by experience in their selections, and in their mental classification certain popular successes stand out as types of what drama should be if it is to please the public.

If the new and original genius exhibits a unique vein of comedy, or a startlingly individual viewpoint with regard to the problems of human existence, it is more than probable that the commercial manager will regard him with suspicion and reject his product. But this is not to say that such an author will lack encouragement or that he need be given over to despair because a contract and advance royalties are not immediately forthcoming. If he can bear the first heartbreaking disappointments with courage and a sense of humor, there is almost a certainty that he will "arrive" some day—for it is astonishing how many people are working for the dramatic author and forwarding his ultimate success—often without any personal reward.

If then, the work of the real dramatic genius is not often presented to the audiences which crowd our theatres, what is it which makes the success of the popular play?

Unquestionably it is due to a certain vitality which often exists in work which has no claim to literary merit, but which does touch some quivering nerve in the great moving, thrilling sensitive mass of human consciousness which is known as "the public."

It may be a comedy touch to which that sensitiveness responds, or a note of cheap sentiment—the point is that it is alive and real—a throb of the human pulse—a rhythmic impulse which carries in waves from brain to brain and heart to heart—until the crowd gradually becomes one in feeling with actor and author.

The dynamic force of a genuine dramatic idea is very great and will always carry the audience with it, if the author is not too great a stumbling block to his own inspiration.

The American playwright is the worst enemy of his own talent, because in nine cases out of ten he has not learned his craft.

In the simplest arts the workman realizes that he must know how to put things together in some sort of harmony and relation to their values—but the playwright scorns such knowledge—at least it is sadly true of him in this country.

Among the great numbers of English plays which come over here, very few are open to this criticism. Often they are slight in theme and thin as to plot, but they are neatly and deftly made and play without much alteration.

In both art and science, our people are too much in a hurry. But craftsmanship alone, and sympathy with popular sentiment, will not make the great American play unless some deeper note is struck.

Many persons remember "The Great Divide" as the nearest approach to big drama by an American author which we have had of recent years. This play, it is true, had obvious faults of construction and it was open to criticism in many respects, but it had an indescribable effect on the crowd. Mr. Moody had placed his poet finger on a great throbbing artery which pulsed from the primitive sources of life—and the most unthinking person felt the thrill of it.

And here again we touch upon a popular local fallacy—that poetry and literature are opposed to drama.

It is undoubtedly true that the novelist makes a bad playwright, and the poet has to curb his imagination and forsake his imagery if he is to be regarded as a commercial possibility—but we all know that in Europe this has never been the case. There the dramatist and poet are one—where either is great and human, and a brief glance over the list of famous names will convince anyone of the fact.

I do not, of course, mean that at this date it is practicable to write in verse form—but the deep sympathy with life and the power to create an illusion about common things which makes part of the poet's equipment, is also valuable to the dramatist if he means to write something bigger than Broadway melodrama. Moody had all this and more, and if he had lived would doubtless have given us great drama.

But in this country the lovely "Prunella" failed, while cheap and unbeautiful things flourish.

WHOSE fault is it? The managers are blamed for the degradation of popular taste, but the fact remains that they gave us "Prunella" and the public would not go to see it. Perhaps it would have been different had the production been made in a popular house at prices within the reach of the crowd—but thereby hangs another discussion.

There have been other beautiful things which have shared the same fate, and it is not to be wondered at if those who regard the box office as the test of a good play, look upon the thing of mere beauty with doubt and distaste.

There are a lot of people who regard themselves as patrons of the drama, yet who never spend five dollars in the course of a season upon supporting a high class play. They talk loudly and indignantly of the commercialism of the theatre, while they use every possible pull to obtain seats to the attractions they denounce.

The literary set is full of these complainers—and they are the class who should be counted upon to support real drama—but they seem to have a vague idea that producers are able to run their houses without profit—and they have no practical notion of the expense of producing and maintaining a play. It is not to anyone's advantage that the managers should produce failures, and the future of the theatre rests with the public which patronizes it—not with the men who cater to its fluctuating fancies.

IF we have not a great theatre—if we are not producing big and vital dramas, it is because we are not at present a great and purposeful nation. The commercialism of the theatre is simply a reflection of the mercenary spirit which is making of America a time serving and sordid nation. Our young dramatists are not thinking deeply or feeling passionately—they have no vision—or if they have it is distorted by keeping one eye on the box office. The authors and the public are fully as responsible as the producers.

In Russia the young men are writing wonderful dramas because they are living them. The struggle which goes on there endlessly between the spirit of human freedom and the dragon of an obsolete despotism, makes strong hearts and brains. The suffering of a people is developing great writers and great thinkers. Take for instance, Andreyev's "Savva." The title part is the spirit of revolution incarnate—while the sacred Ikon is the symbol of faiths and traditions which are in the very heart's blood of the people. The dramatic action is stupendous—it represents a battle between forces stronger than human life itself.

That is big drama if you like, and taking it for an example "the great American play" dwindles into amusing insignificance. But we shall have it yet—when we are less prosperous—less selfish—less at our ease—for our young writers have abundant talent.

At present their idea of a sociological play seems to be the story of a strike—a struggle between capital and labor—or else they go far afield and borrow from foreign sources.

Of the psychology of our own social conditions they are wholly neglectful, and the very word itself sends a shudder of distrust down the spine of the play producer.

The American dramatist does not realize that it is the spirit of this great complex people which he must understand if he wishes to write great plays. The material side of social problems has been exploited, and it is all too hard and obvious and mechanical to make drama. The struggle in "Savva" might be carried on by spirits of the air—it needs no human machinery—yet the heart of man is the stage on which the terrific conflict takes place.

Galsworthy's "Justice" is another and more practical example. Not the harsh detail of the action—the cruel and relentless machinery of the law, but its effect on the tortured soul of the man—is what holds the audience in a grip of horror and sympathy, while the poor human heart breaks before

(*Concluded on page* 252)

*From a portrait by Bertram Park, London*

MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY

Cyril Maude's new leading lady in "Jeff"
which opens at the Empire Theatre shortly

# PLAYERS IN BUSINESS

## By ADA PATTERSON

GENERALLY, when the player stoops—or rises—to trade, the actor finds the level of his inclination in hotel keeping, the actress in the concoction, exploitation, and sale, of cosmetics.

The name of those silent partners, principal backers and large shareholders in hotels, who are actors, is legion. Those who are overtly proprietors of hotels recall themselves trippingly to tongue or pen: Charles Ross of Weber-Field perennial fame; Billy Van, a prince in line of succession, if not an uncrowned king of vaudeville; May Irwin, America's foremost comedienne; May Hanlon, daughter of one of the agile and accumulative brothers Hanlon; Maude Odell, the stately beauty of musical comedy; Fiske O'Hara, whom they call the new Billy Scanlon.

Of the making of cosmetics, avowed or disavowed, by actresses there is no end. Lillian Russell told me that from the manufacture and sale of the Lillian Russell Toilet Preparations, she expected to profit a million dollars. That statement she made at the beginning of the marketing of her rejuvenating powders, her rouges and cold creams. The continuance of their sale year after year, against the competition of novel or established beauty aids, indicates that the structure of her confidence was built upon firm ground. Miss Russell, when not acting, goes daily to her beauty parlors on upper Broadway and personally directs and aids in the mixture of the mysterious ingredients that make up her guaranteed beautifiers.

Amelia Summerville, raised to the altitude of authority by growing beautifully less, ridding herself of one hundred excess pounds and heroically keeping rid of them, finds ready market for toilet preparations of her manufacture, as she does for her practical book, "Why Be Fat?" Mildred Holland placed on the shelves given over to toilet articles, in the drug stores, an appearance-of-youth-lending mixture known by her name, the jars that held it being decorated by her features. So Maida Craigen and so Mrs. Edwin Knowles, one-time actress, and widow of the well-known manager. They, and others, believing that it is every woman's duty to be beautiful, are learning that it pays to help them to be beautiful.

HAMILTON REVELLE, the well-known hero and love maker on the stage, is an expert photographer. Jane Bliss, recently known to Broadway, conducts between and through seasons a *lingerie* business. Helen Avery Hardy makes hat, parasol and couch covers, to her enrichment. Helen Windsor found her taste as a modiste still more gainful than her art as an actress. Edna West, stage taught in the need of beauty, and the power of accessories, raises flowers at her country home at Freeport, and supplies them to several of Manhattan's leading hotels.

Verona Jarbeau spent the last years of her life in the pursuit begun between seasons of a long acting career, in a reduction treatment that reduced. Many women who were amply planned, particularly many a sumptuously proportioned actress, rolled, brandished clubs, perspired, showered and called her blessed.

Robert Edeson, whom proudly they call "The Squire" and lovingly "the first gentleman of these parts" out Sag Harbor way on Long Island, is the owner of a public garage. Not merely owner but operator. He is at the desk in the garage office at nine every day. The banter of a carload of friendly patrons: "Come on, Mr. Bob. Take us out yourself if you can," is answered by a swift placing of himself at the wheel and the reply: "I can, but you ought to see Mrs. Bob at the wheel. She's a better driver than I am."

Julian Eltinge, for whom a theatre has been named, and who dresses and deports himself as all women should, but as few, alas do, wherefore perhaps the decline of marriage!—that fortunate young actor scorns not business. Rather he encourages it by his large and active interest in the Birches Furniture Company in Baldwin, L. I.

© Byron

LILLIAN RUSSELL IN HER BEAUTY PARLOR

Franklyn Roberts, the tall and picturesque actor to whom frequent allusion is made as "Marie Wainwright's husband," seeks forgetfulness of the trials and impermanency of stage life, as an agent of transatlantic steamship companies. I know because I bought a crossing through him, being advised to that act by a fellow player and club member of his. "Call him up at his club and tell him about when you want to sail. He'll save you all the bother of getting your ticket." It was a prophecy all true.

Jack Gardner, the much lauded, much beloved "Chocolate Soldier," rises betimes at his home—"Suncrest," on Primrose Avenue in Mount Vernon—which he shares with his wife, Louise Dresser. "Rising betimes" while Mr. Gardner is charming his audiences in vaudeville as in musical comedy, may mean at noon medium, which is twelve, or high, which is one, or thereabouts. But "rising betimes" when he leaves the main line of his activities, and takes an excursion on his "side line," means arising before dawn, breakfasting by candle light, and making all haste to catch the misnamed "accommodation train," that he may be at the office of the Westinghouse Company in New York at nine.

An actor's gift of charm makes of him an excellent insurance agent. Charles Coghlan, the nephew of the illustrious first of that name, gives promise of shining in that sphere, although he is in it but brief whiles between engagements. Ned Hoff, one-time popular tenor of the Bostonians, wrote insurance policies between singing seasons, finally forsaking the footlights for lapel chats with prospective policy holders.

A FEW, not many, actors "take a flyer" into management. Frank Tinney flew into the presidency of the Amsterdam Amusement Company, flew, perched, and winged his way back to the accustomed other side of the footlights and there has remained. Billy Van's tenure of a directorship in the Equity Film Association Company, which he helped to organize, was longer. It endures at least to the moment this is written. Joseph Santley essayed proprietorship of a play and company and abandoned it, swearing by high heaven that he would never again do ought but dance and act. William Courtenay, on the other hand, is content with the fruits of his partnership in several plays, among them "Under Cover," of which he was the star.

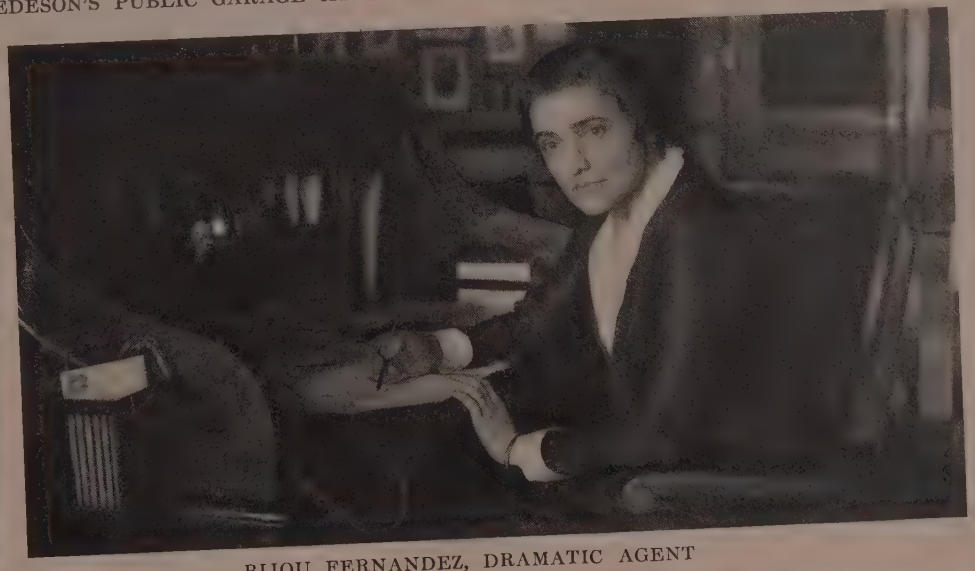
Carlotta Nillson has placed at least one play, in which she did not herself appear, to the replenishing of her exchequer. It was by like accident of brokership that Helen Lingard, former actress, and member of a well-known English theatrical family, evolved into Helen McCaffrey, the play broker. Frank Bacon, the veteran of the footlights who gave distinction to the rôle of the man servant in "The Cinderella Man," smiles unctuously at every jest, however hoary, about the prune. For between seasons of his long career this Coast Defender grew and marketed prunes until the Mountain View variety is accounted one of the leaders in the prune-wealthy State, California.

Between and during seasons, the actor's fancy longingly turns to real estate. Henry B. Stanford, one of the last of Sir Henry Irving's leading men, and Mrs. Stanford (Laura Burt) allowed the homing instinct in them to express itself in the acquirement of a house at Great Kills. The first assumed to others that followed it the relation of parent hen to a large brood of chicks. Now there are so many Stanford residences in Staten Island that Mr. and Mrs. Stanford play only when and what they will. McIntyre and Heath secured acreage on Long Island, apportioned it into lots, and sold the lots, a goodly number of them to fellow players. N. C. Goodwin's purchase and sensational sale of Nevada mining stock is an oft-told tale.

Thomas J. Carrigan, the young leading man of drama and of motion pictures, was the agent of a dressmaker's device, while on a tour of Europe. He alludes to that tour as his most profitable one, he having established agencies for the female form improver in (*Concluded on page* 246)

ROBERT EDESON'S PUBLIC GARAGE AT SAG HARBOR, L. I.

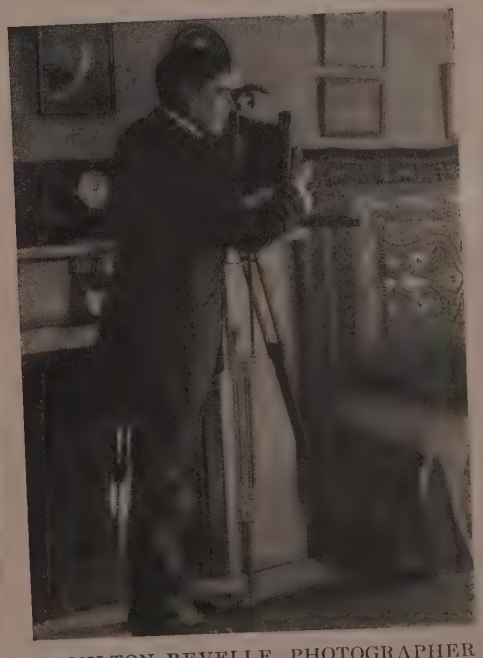
FRANK BACON, PRUNE GROWER



BIJOU FERNANDEZ, DRAMATIC AGENT

Photo Byron

MAY IRWIN'S HOTEL IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS



HAMILTON REVELLE, PHOTOGRAPHER

## A FEW OF THE COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES IN WHICH PLAYERS ENGAGE

Ann Murdock John Harwood

Charles Cherry Ann Murdock

Jules Raucourt Ann Murdock

Alice John Ferdinand Gottschalk Anton Ascher Ann Murdock Jules Raucourt Jeffreys Lewis

Photos © Charles Frohman, Inc.

Hubert Druce Jeffreys Lewis Charles Cherry Ann Murdock Ferdinand Gottschalk Alice John Kenyon Musgrave Maud Milton John Harwood

## SCENES FROM "PLEASE HELP EMILY" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Emily is a wilful, irresponsible young person who "looks like a demi" and flirts with every man she meets. One night she evades the vigilance of her guardians, spends her time at a dance hall and, afraid to go home, takes refuge in the rooms of Dick Trotter who, incidentally, is engaged to one Julia. We have the familiar scene of the heroine invading the bachelor's apartment during his absence, occupying the bathroom and afterwards his bed. In the next act she is breakfasting with him at a hotel in Ostend, with the usual accompaniment of mistaken identities and artificial comedy, played in the manner of broad farce. In the end, of course, the harum-scarum Emily and the docile Trotter are respectably married by special license.

# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

ASTOR. "THE GUILTY MAN." Drama in four acts by Ruth Helen Davis and Charles Klein. Produced on August 17th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rosalie | Pinna Nesbit |
| Marie Forgeat | Emily Ann Wellman |
| Claude Lescuyer | Lowell Sherman |
| M. Lescuyer | Clarence Handyside |
| Dr. Berlier | William Devereaux |
| Claudine Forgeat | Irene Fenwick |
| Jacques Ristac | Paul Doucet |
| Flambon | Austin Webb |
| Gaston Marceau | Gareth Hughes |
| Jean Michaud | Samuel Edwards |
| Chief of Police | Martin Alsop |
| Heloise Lescuyer | Thais Lawton |
| Counsel for the Defense | Leonard Mudie |
| Presiding Judge | Basil West |
| Foreman of the Jury | John Harvin |

FAIR warning to playwrights! I can no longer squeeze a thrill out of the prosecutor-who-turns-out-to-be-next - of - kin - to - the - accused drama.

Wild coincidences I have met, beginning with our old friend, Œdipus, marrying his mother; and none of them was originally more fascinating than this prosecuting attorney business. But familiarity with it has resulted in the inevitable contempt. Ruth Helen Davis' and Charles Klein's—and incidentally François Coppée's—"The Guilty Man" is one of these unfortunate prosecutors. If I had not seen so many of his forerunners in recent years, I might possibly have got worked up over him and his innocent victims.

To those who would know the difference between real drama and pinchbeck I commend a comparison of "The Guilty Man" with Galsworthy's "Justice." The one piece might possibly have been just as good—certainly just as gloomy—as the other, had not the exigencies of melodrama called in the aid of the long arm. And if in "Justice" Mr. Lester Lonergan could have turned out to be Mr. John Barrymore's long-lost twin, true tragedy and sweet reasonableness might have crept back once more to their lair, baffled as usual.

"The Guilty Man" is better built than most of the brood of "Madame X," but it lacks both grip and charm, and the punch in it is dying of senile decay. The characters are a much less sympathetic lot than Mr. Hauerbach has put into his loose-jointed parallel, "The Silent Witness." "The Guilty Man" has little suspense and no surprise, and it is deficient in delicacy of treatment. The whole play is one of unrelieved misery, Acts I and II being especially repellent. Miss Fenwick, Miss Wellman, and Mr. Sherman labor valiantly as the ill-starred family that is sacrificed on the altar of "moral law," but the febrile strenuousness of this antique melodrama leads them into irresistible temptation to over-acting.

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SHUBERT. "THE HAPPY ENDING." Comedy in three acts by the Macphersons. Music by Eugen Haile. Produced on August 21st with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Princess Elise | Margaret Mower |
| Elizabeth | Margaret Fareleigh |
| Beatrice | Flora Sheffield |
| Maxine | Beatrice Maude |
| Prince Paul | Noel Leslie |
| Peter | Frank Andrews |
| King Carlos | Mayne Lynton |
| Queen Marguerite | Florence LeClercq |
| Mr. Wilson | Leonard Grey |
| Mrs. Wilson | Mrs. Ernest Cove |
| Son | William Lynn |
| Daughter | Judith Ives |
| Mr. MacTavish | Arthur Fitzgerald |
| Queen Helene | Irby Marshall |
| Tommy | William Blaisdell |
| Bobbie | Reggie Sheffield |
| Hilda | Violet de Biccari |
| The Lover | Albert Pel'aton |
| An Old Man | Cecil Yapp |

THERE is no good of rubbing it in. Arthur Hopkins sunk a small fortune in producing "The Happy Ending," which ran for one week. It was a case of hopeless stage ineptitude.

The authors, the Macphersons, tried to prove by symbolic projection that "there must be something good in anything so universal as death." But unlike its Maeterlinckian prototype, "The Blue Bird," it was quite devoid of any poetical quality. It was a singular combination of long-winded banality, crude modernity and allegorical futility. That the scrip wasn't better was a distinct pity for the stage settings by Robert Edmond Jones were something truly beautiful in design and execution.

A cast of endless length worked valiantly but in vain. Frank Andrews, Leonard Grey and Irby Marshall stood prominently forth, and a continuous musical accompaniment by Eugen Hail was artistically worthy.

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39TH STREET. "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Farce in three acts by Walter W. Ellis. Produced on August 26th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Ayres | Arthur Chesney |
| Bertram Tully | Charles Garry |
| Dr. Bigland | George Fitzgerald |
| Nixon Trippett | Stanley Lathbury |
| Pamela Ayres | Netta Westcott |
| Mamie Scott | Margot Kelly |
| Aunt Hannah | Mrs. Alice Chapin |
| Ursula | Lilly Kerr |
| Chalmers | Elizabeth Percy |

A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF" as a title has in it a note of apology. It is wholly unnecessary. A thistle down play, if effective, needs no apology.

A little bit of fluff is meant perhaps more pertinently to apply to a London dancing girl, the casual favorite of an Eastern Rajah, who had lent her a pearl necklace valued at five hundred pounds. A frolicsome married man returns home to have his wife find this necklace in his pocket. He pretends it was intended by him as a gift to her; and when the actress appears and tells of the Rajah's insistence that the necklace be returned, he must find five hundred pounds to meet the situation. It is the adventures of the man in this quest that gives rise to the action.

Mr. Charles Garry, as the burden bearer for his friend, is a capital actor, his personality fitting him for the part. Very English, it may be said of the company and the play, but the people are our guests in a time when we should keep open door and give welcoming hands to all who adventure. Miss Margot Kelly, as the bit of fluff, was not afraid to display her charm and charms. It may (or may not) be that somewhere and somehow, in some circumstances more qualified than in this play, there is humor in beating an insurance company in the land of farce, but the author seems to have missed the comic aspect. The swindle is too unqualified, and goes further than the somewhat reprehensible get-rich-quick American plays.

"A Little Bit of Fluff" remained for an entire week at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

48TH STREET. "SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE." Farce in three acts by Mark E. Swan, from the book by F. J. Randall. Produced on August 28th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Adam Dustry | George Manning |
| Porter | Charles Peyton |
| Etienne Duval | George Renevant |
| Walter Owen | Percy Waram |
| Ellison Gruff | Homer Granville |
| Henry Crawford | Ronald Byram |
| Caroline Parfitt | Beatrice Terry |
| Alfred Hopper | James T. Powers |
| Susan | Beryl Mercer |
| Fisher | Lionel Belmore |
| Charles Ketcham | Clifford Brooke |
| Enid Irving | Betty Bellairs |
| Higgs | Tom Rogers |
| Bruce Matthews | Robert Ayrton |

MR. POWERS is very happy in "Somebody's Luggage," sometimes happier than his audience—but that is only occasionally, and in passages where the play needs pruning—and, moreover, he is so cheerful, so animated, so ready to be tossed about like a ball and to turn the other cheek to playful indignities, his elastic lips so easily moved to the capacious smile, so resourceful in everything that invites laughter, so prodigal of antics, that he causes the "judicious" to relax.

The play is a dramatization of a story by F. J. Randall, in which a drunken Englishman, on board a Channel steamer, has his travelling bag exchanged for that of an Australian who is coming to take possession of an estate. The Australian falls overboard, and the drunkard is delivered by a cabman at the house where the arrival of the other man is expected. The innocent intruder, having been thrown from the cab in a collision at the door, is supposed to be out of his head when he denies his identity as the heir and when he claims to be himself.

Many amusing situations come about. Every opportunity for comic turns are sought by author and actor, some of them preposterous, as where Mr. Hopper imitates the jumps of a kangaroo, in order to show his knowledge of Australia. Mr. Hopper's cockney fiancée arrives, as does the true heir, and he is relieved, much to his own satisfaction, from his embarrassment.

The play is loosely written and is at times overacted, but it can be built up and toned down. Mr. Powers, as the inebriate Englishman, was in his funniest vein, and the rest of the players were well chosen. Miss Beryl Mercer, as a sentimental housemaid ably supported the star.

LONGACRE. "A PAIR OF QUEENS." Farce in three acts by Otto Hauerbach, A. Seymour Brown and Harry Lewis. Produced on August 29th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Martha | Maude Eburne |
| Hector | Charles Butler |
| Mrs. Helen Cranby | Elise Scott |
| Steve Haines | Hugh Cameron |
| Peter Cranby | Edward Abeles |
| John Shelby | Joseph Santley |
| Madge Follette | Regina Conelli |
| Joe Doak | Frank McGinn |
| Polly Webb | Kathleen Clifford |
| Richards | Carleton Macy |

IT is $10,000 in forged money, and not a pearl necklace, that the police and the populace squabble and fall over each other about in "A Pair of Queens." And they do it at a pace that would make Ralph De Palma look like an invalid snail.

A man with the memory of a Macaulay and the analytical power of an Aristotle might explain what all the riot is about. But to most people it must have seemed an inscrutable enigma.

At any rate it proved to be Maude Eburne's play. She is a slavey, of course, always funny, and on the stage much of the time. She struck a proper farce keynote deliciously with her opening telephone conversation and before eleven p. m. had made more ridiculous faces and contortions than there are stars in the sky. She was ably abetted by Hugh Cameron whose cavernous voice emphasized the stupidity of one of the worst libels ever perpetrated on the plain clothes force. Joseph Santley, out of musical comedy, exercised more restraint than do the Dolly sisters in farce and refrained from dancing. Perhaps the Dolly sisters show the greater wisdom.

As I have remarked, there is—happily—no necklace in the play. But, by way of compensation, the piece itself, instead of being a properly built climax of laughable situations, is more like a string of beads. The series of amusing moments have been threaded together by Messrs. Brown, Lewis and Hauerbach, with a filament of plot so tenuous that I looked to see it snap at any moment. And even the mile-a-minute speed at which the thing is played couldn't make me forget that the beads on the string were all pretty much alike.

Nevertheless, the audience laughed much and often, and the smile on the face of H. H. Frazee was probably justified. He had been dealt at least a reasonably good hand. And there was one unintentionally delightful moment when Mr. Abeles vigorously denounced a very obvious copy of the current *Evening Post* as a vicious "yellow journal."

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44TH STREET. "THE GIRL FROM BRAZIL." Musical comedy in three acts by Edgar Smith from the original of Julius Brammer and Alfred Grunwald; music by Robert Winterberg and Sigmund Romberg. Produced on August 30th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Col. Zamzelius | Eric Van Dyck |
| Swanhilda | Maud Odell |
| Lieut. Olaf Nansen | Stuart Jackson |
| Lona Cederstrom | Dorothy Maynard |
| Lacquey | Jack Kelly |
| Carl Cederstol | Hal Forde |
| Hilma | Beth Lydy |
| Axel | Louis Simon |
| Herr Torkel | George Hassell |
| Baron Heinz von Reedigan | John H. Goldsworthy |
| Gerda | Nora White |
| Edith Lloyd | Frances Demarest |
| Carfuso | Lester Scharff |
| Lissia | Dorothy Wahl |
| Cariboca | Winthrop Chamberlain |

ONE of life's mysteries to me is why they change the show at the 44th Street Theatre. Or perhaps I had better put it, *do* they change the show? I know they change the titles and some of the actors, but it seems to me that every time I go there I see George Hassell and the same lot of chorus girls, who are never difficult to look at, and the homeliest outfit of chorus men ever gathered under one roof. Nothing varies. I am sure you could take an act from whatever the piece was three years ago, a second act from what it was last year, and a third from what it is now, and the resultant combination would startle nobody.

This criticism is not necessarily adverse. Given a demand for this sort of entertainment, one cannot deny that "The Girl from Brazil" fulfills it. Mr. Hassell is ever so funny when he has a chance; Miss Beth Lydy is that *rara avis*, a musical comédienne with a voice; the costuming and decorations are prettily conventional; and—yes, you can whistle some of the tunes. What more could anybody want? A novel and interesting story, answers Echo; but surely that is an exorbitant demand.

Miss Frances Demarest, as the blonde Brazilian, is a sure cure for the worst case of conjunctivitis. Miss Maude Odell, as the "lady comic," would seem to have contracted St. Vitus' dance from Eva

Tanguay. Louis Simon, untimely ripped from vaudeville, is as funny as an orthopedic brace on a blind orphan. John H. Goldsworthy, as a Swede nobleman, offers himself as an obvious candidate for the presidency of the Self-Haters' Association.

In fact, it is Miss Lydy, with her conservative make-up and her liberal voice, and Mr. Hassell, with his mastodonic kittenism, who save the day for "The Girl from Brazil."

---

GLOBE. "FAST AND GROW FAT." Farce in three acts by George Broadhurst, founded on the story, "Five Fridays," by Frank R. Adams. Produced on September 1st with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Montgomery Blaney | Frank McIntyre |
| Frank Bopp | Roy Atwell |
| The Lineman | Myles McCarthy |
| The Captain | Frank Deshon |
| The Engineer | John Wessell |
| A Passenger | Howard Sinclair |
| Mrs. Green | Zelda Sears |
| Lucile Green | Marion Vantine |
| Nan Cartwright | Vivian Rushmore |
| Camille | Nellie Fillmore |
| Another Passenger | Aileen Poe |

MOST of the funny lines in "Fast and Grow Fat" fall to Frank McIntyre and Nellie Filmore. So in more senses than one they both have fat parts. Although announced as a farce, the piece is one of those curious nondescripts, a slender comedy into which have been stuffed two or three farcical situations — *comédie farcée* I am tempted to call it.

Whatever other fun there is in the play comes chiefly from Zelda Sears' antics in a state of innocent intoxication. Most of his other chances Mr. Broadhurst has strangely missed. For the creator of "James Gilly" in "Bought and Paid For" the characterization in "Laugh and Grow Fat" is often incredibly amateurish. And his "curtains are woeful flivvers. My nearest neighbor slumbered peacefully during much of the second act—which is dramatic criticism with a vengeance.

This author's return to the field of farce proves scarcely a beautiful adventure. He starts out promisingly enough; and presently, when he shipwrecks a boatload of assorted people on his foodless desert isle, we look for things to happen. But they don't. So far as entertaining action is concerned, the shipwreck is an almost total loss.

The captain who tries in vain to tell a funny story, the actress who arrives unconscious in the costume of Rosalind, the Swede engineer who is an expert cook prove utterly worthless as fun-makers. The remaining passenger — the starvation authority—serves to provide just one amusing moment—when his famished victims descend upon him.

Since "Fast and Grow Fat" is only a half-portion play—eked out with a complete concert by the orchestra—it is the audience that does most of the fasting—so far as obstention from entertainment is concerned. A feast would be preferable. In fact, when I go to farces, I would much rather laugh and grow fat.

---

PLAYHOUSE. "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK." Play in five acts by Jules Eckert Goodman, from the story of the same name by John Fleming Wilson. Produced on September 2nd with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Thomas Potter | Edward Emery |
| Henry Potter | Henry Hull |
| Charles Reisling | Wright Kramer |
| Captain Trevelan | Ernest Lawford |
| Mrs. Gaynes | Charlotte Granville |
| Marcelle | Mary Nash |
| Olive | Maude Campbell |
| Captain Gallon | Leighton Stark |
| Gibson | J. Irving White |
| Griggs | Richard Clarke |
| Sam Shen Sing | Nick Long |
| Binksie | Bennett Southard |
| Waiter | Henry Davies |
| First Girl | Louise Coleman |
| Second Girl | Juliet Fremont |
| A Jap | Leonard Brooke |

A MELODRAMA which holds interest most of the time is, I take it, the least a self-respecting melodrama can do. Its theme of "The Man Who Came Back" is as ancient and venerable as Holy Writ. In fact, Mr. Brady beat Mr. Ames to "L'Enfant Prodigue" by nearly a week.

Mr. Goodman sees to it that his wastrel hero has a long way to return. If, in order to give him a good start, he could have taken him any farther away from decency, I daresay he would have done so. As a result, what with alcohol, opium, and general depravity, the play is about as pleasant as an Armenian massacre.

The facts in the case are that Mr. Henry Hull, having proved unendurable to his indulgent (and delightful) father, Mr. Edward Emery, drifts first to a San Francisco restaurant, to get him away from which he has to be chloroformed. His next little journey is to a Shanghai opium den, where the ravings of a "dope fiend" begin his redemption at an exceedingly critical moment. Later, to convert his wife, Miss Mary Nash, he uses a dog whip.

As you can readily see, 'tis a pretty thing. In all up-to-date plays somebody has to turn out—in the last act—to be a detective. In this case it is Ernest Lawford, who accomplishes the feat with the aid of a mustache. And the cabaret episode would seem to have been devised chiefly to show that Bohemia is as hard to imitate on the stage as it is in Washington Square.

Those who wish to make certain what dramatic narrative is, as distinct from true drama, should see "The Man Who Came Back." It is a story told in episodes. The movie fans will love it.

---

LYRIC. "THE FLAME." Play in three acts by Richard Walton Tully. Produced on September 4th with the following cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Justinian Lawlor | Helen Bell |
| Justinian Lawlor | Frank E. Jamison |
| Jefferson Clay | William O'Day |
| Sir John Studham | Byron Russell |
| Minerva Fremont | Helen Carew |
| Wayne Putnam | Richard Gordan |
| Jesus Yaqui | Harry Morvil |
| Pamela Cabot | Violet Heming |
| Mr. Carbondale | George Le Soir |
| Mrs. Tabitha Cabot | Ann Warrington |
| Dave Carson | John Cope |
| Mrs. Carson | Mabella Seamons |
| Jefferson Carson | Thomas Gillen |
| Washington Carson | Eugene Minchen |
| Fraile Fernando | Albert Tavernier |
| Manuel | Van Rensselaer Townsend |
| Pepita | June Ramsey |
| Maya | Peggy O'Neil |
| Geronimo Zabina | William Courtleigh |
| Don Benito Carvanza | Robert Gibbs |

EVERYTHING he could lay hands on—from voodoo rites to anti-pacifism—Mr. Richard Walton Tully put into "The Flame." The product is a wondrous dish of theatrical hash.

Much credit is due Mr. Tully for the promptness with which he began to prune and polish the piece which he not only wrote but produced. From the second performance were missing many of the crudities at which the first-night audience laughed. But there was still much left to be done before this intricate and miscellaneous melodrama could be called reasonably clear and convincing.

On that second night—although the heroine's father no longer turned out to be the priest, and the celluloid baby was kept carefully concealed in its basket—the piece was still a thrilless thriller, set in gorgeous but confusing scenery, accompanied by a nerve-racking monotony of tom-toms

and ukaleles, and conducive more to slumber than to satisfaction. It was as though the author had cooked an opium pill for the audience in his flame.

Peggy O'Neil, as a sort of female Prospero, who lived with a weird sisterhood at the bottom of a well (*not* of treacle), was the quaint, presiding genius of the complex story. She shared the acting honors with John Cope as a rugged Texan. William Courtleigh, as a Latin-American revolutionist, was a little more than Villa and less than villain. Others in the long cast were for the most part satisfactory, though the artificiality of Violet Heming's diction marred her performance.

I might add that the "rumba," described as a new dance, is not likely to win favor as a society pastime.

---

SHUBERT. "Mr. Lazarus." Comedy in four acts by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Produced on September 5th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Lazarus | Henry E. Dixey |
| Dr. Sylvester | William T. Clarke |
| William Booth | Tom Powers |
| Mrs. Sylvester | Florine Arnold |
| Patricia Mollov | Eva Le Gallienne |
| Edith Sylvester | Marie Armstrong |

AGAIN the simple and ingenuous has won out. "Mr. Lazarus" is a real success and ought, unless [illegible] career.

It is a really delightful entertainment, based on a farcically comic treatment of the old Enoch Arden legend. Henry E. Dixey, in the title rôle, by his sure touches of humor and sentiment, makes it a living creation of continuous charm.

Mr. Lazarus is a rich miner, who returns unknown to his deserted wife and daughter, and like the usual god in the machine, straightens out their various troubles. He rids the wife of a blood-sucking husband (she had married again having thought No. 1 to have been killed in a railroad accident) and sufficiently endows his child with the means necessary to marry a deserving hard-working young artist. Having salved his conscience, as far as money will do it, the unknown, fearing that the galling chains of matrimony will never suit his spirit of wanderlust, quietly skips out leaving them all in doubt as to whether he was the real husband-father.

It is in the truly real presentation of the common incidents of daily life and the deft characterization of the half a dozen characters employed that the farce owes its compelling effectiveness. The dialogue is admirably natural, but the final scene in the last act is tediously drawn out. In addition to the delightful Dixey there is Florine Arnold, a richly comic picture as the wife; William T. Clarke, the charlatan doctor to the life, and a pair of youthful lovers, Tom Powers and Eva Le Gallienne, daughter of the poet, who bring to their respective rôles gracious refinement and natural charm quite out of the ordinary.

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BOOTH. "Pierrot the Prodigal." Pantomime with music in three acts. Story by Michel Carré; music by André Wormser. Produced on September 6th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pierrot's Father | Paul Clerget |
| Pierrot's Mother | Gabrielle Perrier |
| Pierrot | Marjorie Patterson |
| Phrynette | Margot Kelly |
| A Servant | Charles Dubuis |
| Monsieur Le Baron | Emile J. de Varney |

IN their splendid revival of the most famous of all French pantomimes, "L'Enfant Prodigue," under the title of "Pierrot the Prodigal," Messrs Ames and Knight gave New York theatre-goers a rare treat. This quaint and charming idyll, with its world-old story and its utterly human appeal, offers its interpreters the chance to portray all the emotions in their simplest and strongest aspect. The company, for the most part imported from Paris *via* London, is superbly capable.

Owing to the illness of Marie Louise Renée, the part of the laundress-heroine, Phrynette, fell to Margot Kelly, lately the little bit of fluff in the play of that name. It is difficult to imagine how Mlle. Renée could have improved upon Miss Kelly or fitted more exquisitely into the picture.

Pictures, I should say, for there were two of them—the simple delft-like setting of the first and third acts, and the lovely boudoir of Phrynette, quite the most enchanting background seen on our stage in many moons.

The fascinating music of André Wormser, which so happily emphasizes every moment of the pantomime, was played by an augmented orchestra, the all-important piano part being skilfully interpreted by Aloys Friedheim-Kremer.

I should be at a loss to describe the elusive charm of this delicate blending of the lovely and the ludicrous, the pert and the pathetic, the glowing and the grotesque. If you have within you any soul, any appreciation for the artistic and beautiful, you won't miss it.

---

CRITERION. "Paganini." Comedy in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced on September 11th with the following cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Nicolo | George Arliss |
| George Harrys | Dudley Digges |
| Thomas Watson | Charles Harbury |
| Charlotte Watson | Margery Maude |
| Sir Richard Strangford | Edgar Kent |
| Lady Strangford | Mrs. Arliss |
| Captain Joseph Strangford | R. Denny |
| Antonio Bianchi | Sara Biala |
| A Footman | John Rutherford |
| A Waiter | Fred Nicholls |
| A Waitress | Rosina Henley |
| Landlady of the Inn at Calais | Leila Repton |

REPUTATIONS are not greatly enhanced by the production of "Paganini."

Edward Knoblauch, who wrote "Kismet," "My Lady's Dress" and was part author of "Milestones," has in this character comedy in three acts devised for the exploitation of George Arliss's gifts turned out a very conventional bit of hack writing. It is a *réchaufé* of the David Garrick idea. Instead of an actor, the heroine becomes enamored of the wizard of the violin and runs away from home after him. But it is a harmless escapade, her virtue and reputation are preserved intact and her eyes are finally opened to the fact that the Italian's art is far dearer to him than is the heart of any woman.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Knoblauch has presented this fable with any new or ingenious touches, nor is the dialogue embellished with any particular wit. Further be it said that the atmosphere is almost entirely supplied by the picturesque costumes of 1830. It is altogether a naïve production, better suited to the *clientèle* which revels in a "Cinderella Man" or a "Daddy Long-legs."

I confess that Mr. Arliss' characterization did not impress me very much. The externals were admirable and no doubt he had full authority for the grotesque mannerisms with which he plastered his portrait of Paganini; but it was almost repellent in its eccentricity and of emotional content there was nothing. Margery Maude was very dainty, girlish and natural as the heroine, while her explosive father was acted by Charles Harbury in the true vein of old comedy. R. Leigh Denny's nice appearance, good voice and easy

(*Concluded on page 246*)

Photos White

Lucy Cotton Forrest Winant Ruth Chester

ACT I. JOE BASCOM RETURNS HOME.

William E. Meehan Ruth Chester Forrest Winant Frank Nelson Lucy Cotton

ACT I. THE CROOKS FIND THEMSELVES AT A LOSS WHEN GRACE IS SAID.

Frank Nelson Forrest Winant Ruth Chester Edgar Nelson William E. Meehan

ACT III. THE SAINTED MOTHER IS PROUD OF HER SON AND HIS FRIENDS.

## SCENES FROM "TURN TO THE RIGHT" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

Joe Bascom serves a year in prison. The fact is unknown to his sainted mother and sister. He returns to their peach farm only to find they are about to lose it through the rapacity of a skinflint deacon. Two of Joe's prison mates turn up, and by their professional skill relieve the situation. Their moral regeneration is worked out through the sainted mother, and the fortunes of all are established by the business sense of a shrewd country youth who finds a profitable market for the jams the sainted mother turns out. Joe gets a wife. He was never guilty of the crime he was charged with and the two regenerated crooks find bucolic spouses.

# CONDUCTED BY—

*By* BURR C. COOK

A CURIOUS and sophisticated public have practically exhausted the mysteries of that strange land of "Behind-the-Scenes." They know how Sophie Starlight applies her make-up, what brand of cigarettes her leading man prefers, how the dramatist builds up his climax, and what works the curtain. They have heard all about the stage manager, and the door-keeper, and the property-boy. But there is one man in the theatrical profession of whom they know practically nothing. He does not exist "Behind-the-Scenes," to be sure; he is in very plain view, and perhaps for this reason his presence is overlooked, ignored, and forgotten. Neither does he appear upon the stage. From the audience's point of view he is simply a broad, black back, and a waving baton. From the actor's point of view he is a genial smile and a fountain of encouragement. To his friends he is generally an accomplished musician who deserves more recognition than he is getting; and to the managers, he is that necessary but annoying quantity —the musical director!

THE habitat of this unfamiliar species is amongst the fanfare and verbiage of "musical comedy"—that siren-hazard of the adventurous theatrical producer. In the past season, in New York alone, there have been in the neighborhood of twelve or fifteen productions of musical comedy, many of which have succeeded, and many of which have failed. But, whatever else may be said anent the livelihood of this form of entertainment, it is a fact that no musical comedy ever succeeded that did not have a good musical director. He is the pivot of the performance, the connecting link between actors and audience, the dynamo that sets the tempo of the play and maintains the action at concert pitch. And yet, so little is he understood and appreciated, that there is scarcely one first-night review in a hundred which deigns to mention him. They will extoll the "well-balanced cast," and comment upon the settings, and cast laurels at the feet of the composer. Even the concern that made the shoes, and the modiste who designed the gowns and hats will come in for a share of approval; but the poor, hard-working musical director, the man who interprets the music of the composer, who has drilled the chorus, and the principals, and the ensemble, and the orchestra—his name is most conspicuous by its absence.

THE duties of the musical director are manifold and important. The advent of his job is not, as with most of the company, inaugurated by the first rehearsal. More than likely he has spent a number of weeks in advance, in familiarizing himself with the score of the operetta and its relation to the text. From the first call for the first rehearsal, through the four or five weeks of tedious work and worry that follow, he has to be on hand, selecting and drilling voices for the chorus, coaching the principals and the ensemble, and rehearsing the orchestra. The brief announcement that goes up on the call-board after the first few days, is eloquently suggestive of his position in the scheme of things.

REHEARSAL NOTICE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Chorus ..... | 10—1 A. M. |
| Principals ..... | 1—3 P. M. |
| Chorus ..... | 3—6 P. M. |

Which means that the musical director is at the piano most of the time from 9.45 A. M. until 6.15 P. M.—with five minutes for lunch at noon, providing some kind friend will smuggle it in for him. And in addition to these physical tribulations he usually finds himself the centre of a sea of anxious questions, and doubts, and worries, upon which, it is his business to bestow sympathy and encouragement. If he is the right sort of a director he soon becomes the kind godfather of many hopes and aspirations which will blossom forth on that fateful première.

ON the opening night he stands in the orchestra pit with his white gloves and his little stick, and his confident smile, and his band of fiddlers, and dominates the situation. It is his skill of interpretation that brings out the character, coloring, rhythmical accent, and *finesse* of the musical score. It is his smiling personality down below the footlights that gives the actors confidence, and the gentle "tap tap" of his baton that, now and then, spurs on some slight lagging in the action of the piece. The audience enjoys the performance and goes home and talks about how wonderfully So-and-So sang, and how divinely What's-His-Name danced, and about the beautiful music, and how the whole thing was alive with "pep" and "go." And, all unconsciously, they are complimenting the poor unsung m. d.—"that superfluous person who stands up and waves a stick."

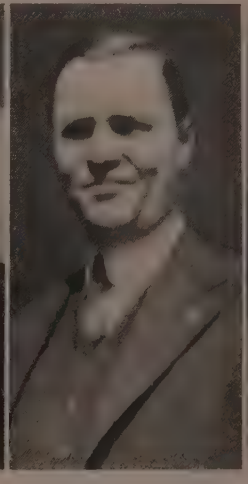
HE must meet many qualifications—must this important nonentity in the musical comedy domain. He must be eternally cheerful, for stage artists are temperamental creatures. If the romantic tenor should step to the footlights to sing and find indigestion indicated on the "Kappelmeister's" countenance, it is more than likely that his particular song would suffer a severe relapse. The musical director must be quick-witted, for the unexpected plays as great a part in his life as it does in that of the ordinary individual. If something mechanical goes wrong on the stage he must anticipate its effect, quickly whisper instructions to his associates, and cover it up before the audience discovers what has happened. He must be patient, for there are one-night stands in one-horse towns where the local musical talent becomes not only a hinderance, but an actual menace. The average musical director ought to make an excellent husband—he possesses all of the cardinal virtues.

The men who are to-day conducting musical comedy are unusually interesting. Without exception they are accomplished musicians, many of them composers of note, some who have conducted famous symphony orchestras and grand opera in all parts of the world. There is Max Bendix, who led the orchestra in the production of "Pom-Pom" with Mitzi Hajos, at the Cohan Theatre. From 1886-96 Mr. Bendix was a conductor of the famous Theodore Thomas Symphony Orchestra; he has conducted grand opera at the Manhattan and the Metropolitan, not to mention large festival orchestras at the World's Fair, and the St. Louis and Panama Pacific Expositions. More recently he has led the original productions of "The Spring Maid" and "Sari." *(Concluded on page 215)*

SELLI SIMONSON

JOHN McGHIE

MAX BENDIX



RAYMOND HUBBELL

MAX HIRSCHFELD

THE MEN WHO WAVE THE BATON IN NEW YORK'S PLAYHOUSES

*From a portrait by the Moffett Studio*

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

This former favorite of the vaudeville stage is now playing the leading feminine rôle in "A Pair of Queens" at the Longacre Theatre

# EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

## By MONTROSE J. MOSES

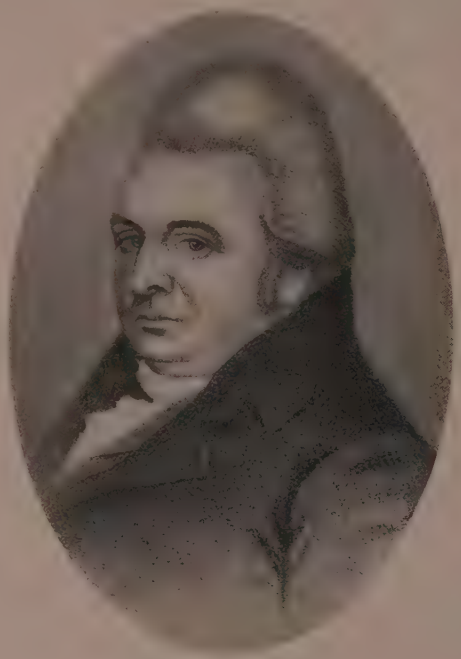
IN these prosperous days of the theatre, when the native playwright seems at last to be coming into his own, it is too often forgotten that as long ago as in the beginning of American literature, the American drama has occupied an important and interesting position.

Only now are students turning their attention to digging from the past those evidences of a native drama which began as early as 1714 when Governor Robert Hunter wrote a biographical farce in three acts called "Androborus." Then, there is Robert Rogers, whose play, "Ponteach," was the first American problem drama, inasmuch as it is a distinct plea for the rights of the Indian. A drama called "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, Jr., is regarded as the first printed American tragedy, and this, with George Cocking's "The Conquest of Canada," have the distinction of being the only native plays actually produced in the American theatre during the Revolution.

These different phases of the history of American play-writing in this country are deserving of separate and full treatment. While the American theatre, under the care of the Hallams, whose company of players was known as the Virginia Comedians, was struggling for a foothold against the prejudices of Puritanism in this country, the college students were themselves essaying the rôles of actors at Harvard, at Yale, at Princeton, and at the College of Philadelphia, and were giving plays. Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, of New York, has the only copy thus far known to be extant of Barnabes Bidwell's "The Mercenary Match," published in 1785, and performed by the students of Yale College. At Princeton, H. H. Brackenridge wrote a piece called "The Battle of Bunker's Hill," a direct product as far as inspiration is concerned, of the Revolution, and written especially for the instruction of his pupils in 1776. Mrs. Mercy Warren, a Revolutionary dame of varied accomplishments and distinction, crossed dramatic pens with her enemy, General Burgoyne, and the two produced plays which may in a way be regarded as revolutionary broadsides.

Thus hastily and incompletely, we indicate some of the unblazed trails in the study of the early history of American drama, it being our purpose in the series, of which this is the first, to emphasize only those high lights among American playwrights of the past.

WILLIAM DUNLAP is considered the father of the American theatre, and anyone who reads his history will see how firmly founded are his claims to this title. But the first American play to be written by a native, and to gain the distinction of anything like a "run" is "The Contrast," by Royall Tyler. Unfortunately for us, the three hundred page manuscript of Tyler's life, which is in possession of one of his descendants, has never been published. Were that document available, it would throw much valuable light on the social history of New England. For Tyler was deep-dyed in New England traditions, and, strange to say, his playwriting began as a reaction against the Puritanical attitude toward the theatre. When Tyler came to New York on a very momentous occasion, as an official in suppressing Shays' Rebellion, he had little thought of ever putting his pen to paper as a playwright, although he was noted from earliest days as a man of literary ambition, his tongue being sharp in its wit and his disposition being brilliant in the parlor. It was while in what was even then considered to be the very gay and wicked city of New York, that Royall Tyler went to the theatre for the first time, and on that auspicious occasion, witnessed Sheridan's "The School for Scandal." We can imagine what the brilliancy of that evening must have been to the parched New England soul of our first American dramatist. Two days



ROYALL TYLER
Author of "The Contrast," the first play to be written by an American.

afterwards, inspiration began to burn and he dashed off in a period of a few weeks the comedy called "The Contrast," not so great a contrast, however, that the literary student would fail to recognize "The School for Scandal" as its chief inspiration.

The dramatist was born in Boston on July the eighteenth, 1757, near the very historic ground of Faneuil Hall. His father was one of the King's Councillors, and from him young Tyler inherited much of his ability. The family was wealthy and influential. Naturally the father being a graduate of Harvard, his son should likewise go to that institution. His early boyhood, when he was at the grammar school, was passed amid the tumult of the Stamp Act, and the quartering of troops in Boston. When he entered Harvard as a freshman on July 15, 1772, three days before he was fifteen years old, he was thoroughly accustomed to the strenuous atmosphere of the coming Revolution.

There were many students in his class who afterwards won distinction as chief justices, governors and United States senators, but at that time none of them was so sedate as to ignore the usual pranks of the college boy. Tyler's temperament is well exhibited by the fact that he was one of the foremost instigators in a fishing party from his room window, when the students hooked the wig of the reverend president from his head one morning as that potentate was going to chapel. Tyler read law for three years during that time being a member of a club which used to meet at the rooms of Colonel John Trumbull, well-known to all students as a soldier and painter. Unfortunate for us that the life-size canvas of Royall Tyler, painted by Trumbull, was destroyed by fire. We are assured by Trumbull in his Reminiscences, that during those long evenings they "regaled themselves with a cup of tea instead of wine, and discussed subjects of literature, politics and war."

Tyler, in 1779, was admitted to the bar, and there followed a long succession of activities in which he moved from place to place, finally associating himself very definitely with the early history of Vermont, and Brattleboro in particular.

There is much interesting data in existence relating to Royall Tyler's literary activities as a writer of witty articles, sprightly verse and autobiographical experiences in a style, which while lacking in distinction, is none the less a measure of the sprightliness of the author. It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion of anything but Royall Tyler as the author of "The Contrast." He wrote several other plays besides, one dealing with the wild-cat land speculation in Georgia, but the play under discussion alone is representative of his ability, an ability which would scarcely be worthy of too much commendation were it not for the fact that Tyler may be regarded as the creator of the Yankee type of American drama.

The play was finished in three weeks, and shortly after handed over to the American Company for production. So loath was he to have his name connected with it, that when he gave the manuscript to Wignell, he consigned also to that actor the copyright, with the instruction that, when the play was published, on the title-page, the piece should be credited to the authorship of "a citizen of the United States."

THE CONTRAST" was produced on April 16, 1787, at the John Street Theatre, in New York, by the American Company, the original cast including Mr. Henry and Mr. Hallam as the rival lovers, and Mr. Wignell in the part of Jonathan, the first stage Yankee. Anyone who has read the play will quite understand why it is that the honors so easily fell to Mr. Wignell rather than to Mr. Henry or to Mr. Hallam, and it is no surprise therefore to find, after the initial performance, that jealousy began to manifest itself between these three gentlemen—so much so indeed, that when the time arrived for the company to go to Philadelphia in December, 1787, Mr. Wignell was unable to present "The Contrast" in the theatre—and had to content himself with a reading of it because it was "impracticable at this time to entertain the public with a dramatic representation." The notice continued: "Mr. Wignell: In compliance with the wishes of many respectable citizens of Philadelphia proposes to read that celebrated performance at the City Tavern on Monday evening, the 10th inst. The curiosity which has everywhere been expressed respecting this first dramatic production of Amer- (*Concluded on page* 234)

(*Left*)
Gabrielle Perrier, Marjorie Patterson and Paul Clerget

Pierrot's petulancy brings tears to his mother and chastisement from his father

(*Right*)
Pierrot's father and mother attempt to win him back to his usual high spirits

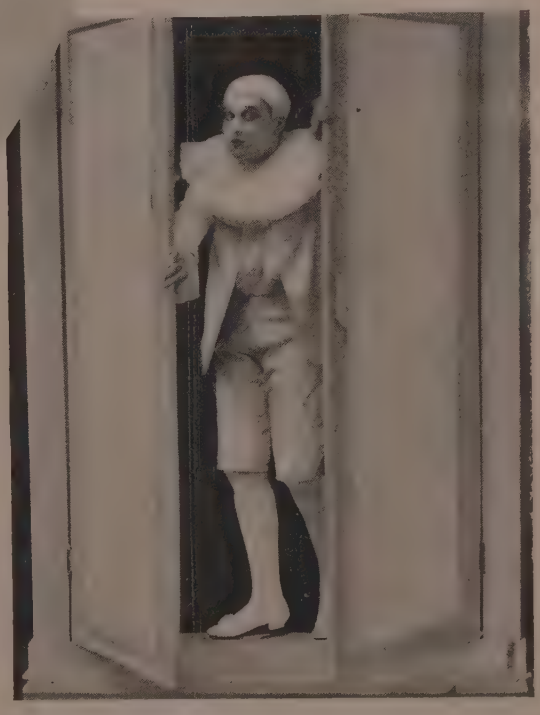
SOME twenty-six years ago there was established in Paris, by the Brothers Larcher, a theatrical club known as the Cercle Funambulesque, where plays were presented for the special delectation of the members and their friends. The Larchers, in order to provide their patrons with a novelty, decided upon a revival of the old Italian pantomime, which flourished intermittently through the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Madame Sarah Bernhardt was, among many other celebrities, induced to co-operate. The Cercle Funambulesque gave performances at the Bouffes Parisiens, and pantomime instantly became the craze of the moment. Operas were interpreted in dumb show, and amateur actors abandoned private theatricals for the new method of entertainment.

Michel Carré, son of the part-author of the libretto of "Faust," etc., wrote "L'Enfant Prodigue" as a three-act play. The artistes employed to act therein were word-perfect when M. André Wormser arrived on the scene. He was invited to write the music for "L'Enfant Prodigue." As his score grew daily towards completion, so the dialogue of the players was deleted, until eventually they were telling the story in pure pantomime. It is on record that Felicia Mallet, who created the role of Pierrot *fils*, and her associates experienced considerable difficulty on the first night in refraining from uttering the words with which they had rehearsed.

Miss Marjorie Patterson as Pierrot Junior

(*Left*)
Pierrot's household regains its customary gaiety

(*Right*)
Pierrot flees from home to elope with the siren, Phyrnette



Photos White

SCENES FROM "PIERROT THE PRODIGAL," AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

# EXCURSIONS THROUGH AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

## No. 1—The Actress Who Ruled a Kingdom

*By* WILLIAM SYKES

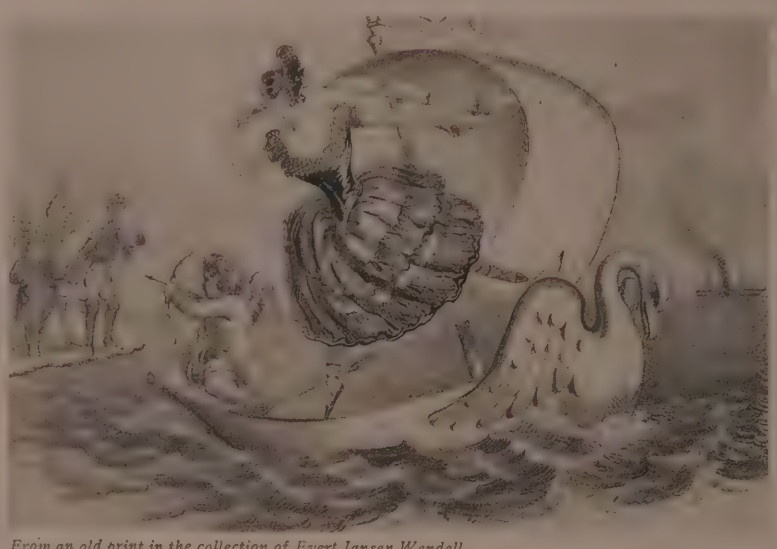
MY old friend, Frognall Dibdin Brinley, is the custodian of a remarkable collection of books, pictures and relics relating to the stage. "Froggy," as his familiars call him, has had charge of the collection so long that he has become imbued with the idea that he owns it. As a matter of fact, I am one of a thousand members of the organization who join in paying him his salary, but he treats me as though I were one of his humble dependents. After a particularly good dinner one day, he was in a melting mood and took me to the library to show me some scrap books he had recently found in the cellar. After looking over several he came to the picture of a very beautiful woman. Underneath was a clipping from the death notices of a New York paper dated 1861.

"GILBERT. Died January 17th, Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, born 1818."

This, of course, meant nothing to me, as it probably means nothing to the reader, but I saw that Froggy had a story to tell and, after considerable urging, he proceeded to tell the story of Eliza Gilbert who became famous in after years as Lola Montez.

MARIA DOLORES ELIZA ROSANNA GILBERT was born July 3, 1818, in the city of Limerick, Ireland. Her father was an Ensign in the British army; her mother, a beautiful young Irish girl, claimed descent from a Spanish grandee. In 1822 Gilbert was ordered to India with his regiment, taking his wife and daughter. The mother was pretty, flirtatious and popular; Lola the pet of the officers. Early in 1824, Gilbert contracted fever and died, leaving the young widow and Lola in care of a fellow Scotsman, Captain Craigie, who was well-to-do and subsequently rose to a high position in the Indian army. Within the year Mrs. Gilbert and Captain Craigie were married. When Lola was about ten, her parents decided to send her to Captain Craigie's people in Scotland. In 1837, when Lola was nineteen, Mrs. Craigie returned to England. Worldly and ambitious, she had arranged, unknown to her daughter, to marry her to a rich and gouty old Indian judge. The mother's plan was abhorrent to Lola, a beautiful, romantic, red blooded girl. Accompanying her mother on the voyage from India was a young Irish officer, Lieut. James, of the Bengal Infantry. To him Lola told her woes. He was young, handsome and romantic and the inevitable happened. Forgetting he was betrothed to another, James and Lola eloped to Ireland. She was under age and the mother's consent was necessary to make the marriage legal. James sent his sister to intercede with Mrs. Craigie, who was furious. She finally consented but she did not forgive. The young couple went to Dublin where they were received at the Vice-Regal Court. Lola, with her youth, beauty and vivacity, became a great favorite, such a favorite that James became jealous and hastened to rejoin his regiment in India, where the young bride was made much of. Lieut. James later began a flirtation with a handsome and attractive woman, some years his senior, which ended in their elopement. Lola was furious and sailed for London. From that day she never saw India, husband or family again. The iron had entered her soul. Young, beautiful and full of life, accustomed to admiration and homage, her *amour propre* wounded, she took the first weapon that came to her hand to balance her account with her husband. On the ship was a Mr. Lennox, an aide-de-camp of an Indian governor. At the end of four months' sea voyage she disappeared with him.

Lola was now an outcast from London society. This, however, did not affect her greatly. The stage seemed the only career open to her. She studied with Fanny Kelly, a retired actress, who advised her to take up dancing, as her grace, beautiful face and figure would be great assets. She went to Madrid and studied dancing. On her return to England she secured an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre (June 3, 1843). A contemporary critic writes: "Her figure was even more attractive than her face, lovely as that was. Lithe and graceful as a fawn, every movement that she made seemed instinct with melody. Her dark eyes flashed with excitement. In her pose grace seemed involuntarily to preside over her limbs and dispose her attitude. Her foot and ankle were faultless. As she swept round the stage, her slender waist swayed to the music and her graceful head and neck bent with it, like a flower that bends with the impulse given to its stem by the changing and fitful temper of the wind."



*From an old print in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell*

LOLA MONTEZ BIDDING FAREWELL TO HER ROYAL EUROPEAN FRIENDS AS SHE SAILS FOR AMERICA

ON the evening of her début the house was crowded with a fashionable and distinguished audience, among them Lord Raneleagh, a rejected suitor, and a large party of his friends, most of them an objectionable type of men about town. Lola appeared, a dream of beauty. The audience was enraptured, bouquets were showered on the stage, when suddenly Lord Raneleagh, recognizing the woman who had rejected him, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard in all parts of the house: "It's Betty James!" He began to hiss and his many friends took it up. Theatrical audiences are like sheep. They follow their leader. The hisses drowned the applause and Lola Montez, as a dancer, was driven from the English stage.

She made her way to Brussels and soon found herself penniless, being forced to sing in the streets to avoid starvation. Had she been as devoid of morals as her detractors claim, she, a young and beautiful woman, would not have been reduced to such extremity. While singing in the streets she attracted the attention of a German artist, who took her to Warsaw and got her an engagement at the opera. Here she was a success, but she was unfortunate in attracting the attention of the Russian Viceroy. Old, ugly and unpleasant, he offered her a country estate and a large income, but she would not accede to his wishes. He threatened, bullied, but of no avail. He then employed a claque to hiss her. This occurred three nights. On the third night, Lola went down to the footlights and told the audience of the Viceroy's persecution. Russian Viceroys not being particularly popular with Poles, Lola was loudly applauded and found herself a heroine. But the all-powerful Viceroy sent the police to her the next day with a polite invitation to leave Warsaw, which she did.

She next tried St. Petersburg. Here again she was popular, and, according to her own account, began a platonic intimacy with the Czar Nicholas I. From Petersburg she went to Dresden, where she met Franz Liszt, then about twenty-two years old and at the height of his fame. He was then living with the Comtesse d'Agoult, who had borne him three children. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides and the Comtesse was forgotten. The fire of this affair was soon burned out and the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. It is a strange co-incidence that the thoughts of each turned to religion at the same time, Liszt to take Holy Orders and Lola desirous of becoming a Nun.

We next hear of her in Paris, where she appeared at the Opera, March 30, 1844, between the acts of "Il Lazzarone." The critics were unkind, and here, as in London, her first night as a dancer was her last. But she was anything but a failure with the

(*Concluded on page* 249)

# THE YALE PAGEANT

The Peacock Lady with her forty-two yard train, and her two Gold Lady attendants—costumes worn in the Pageant. Picture posed by Claire Whitney, Virginia Hammond and Valentine Grant.

(Inset) Gladys Hanson wearing the Margaret ap Ienkyn costume used in the Pageant

*Photos White*

# THE DANCE SPECTACLE DOMINATES VAUDEVILLE

*By* NELLIE REVELL

IT seems to be a case of "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined" in vaudeville these days. Just when some commentators on things theatrical would have us believe that dancing was on the wane, the new season in the varieties bursts effulgent upon the vision with no less than eight massive terpsichorean spectacles silhouetted on the horizon and still others looming up in the offing.

And this despite the fact that we have been fox trotted, tangoed, and even dog walked almost to death. Now the demand is for classical, atmospheric and pantomimic *divertissements* done with large ballets, scenic embellishments and elaborate interpretative musical scores.

To appreciate the full import of this statement, one has only to cast a roving eye over vaudeville programs as they are being presented this season. Then you will see listed such pretentious dancing spectacles as those of Adelaide and Hughes, Marion Morgan's Dancers, Theodore Kosloff & Co., Ruth St. Denis, Bankoff and Girlie, Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, May Tully's "Dances of the World," and "The Dancing Girl of Delhi."

And as for Hawaiian dancers, they are without end. Just as every musical show, cabaret and roof garden has its only and original all-wool-and-a-yard wide, blown-in-the-bottle, no family-should-be-without-one Hawaiian dancer, so has vaudeville, only more so.

Parenthetically speaking, it is interesting to note that it was in vaudeville that the first genuine Hawaiian dancer appeared some years ago in New York, although this fact appears to have been lost in the maze of matter that has been printed about the vogue of the hula hula exponents. The dancer in question is Toots Paka, a full-blooded descendant of one of the subjects of King Kalakaua, who while blooming almost unseen out West about nine years ago was transplanted to the metropolis by Pat Casey, long considered one of the bulwarks of vaudeville. Audiences warmed so perceptibly to her art that she was engaged for "The Echo," when she scored a pronounced sensation.

While Miss Paka's skill won recognition and her performance was accepted as a novelty, she antedated her time, for it was not until after Richard Walton Tully's "The Bird of Paradise" that the dormant interest in hula hula dancing awakened. Even then its growth was slow but of recent years it gathered a momentum which has culminated in the present avalanche of so-called native Hawaiian dancers with their ukalalis and aloha garlands. The fact that most of those so exploited have been imported direct from Hoboken or New York's East Side (one of the "natives" to my certain knowledge answers to the poetic name of Grogan and hails from far away Illinois) is quite beyond the scope of this story. Meanwhile the exploits of the genuine Toots Paka as a pioneer in the then purely speculative field of Hawaiian dancing and the story of the hardships she braved in blazing the trail subsequently so thoroughly travelled have been overlooked.

THE Great War, held responsible for every toward and untoward happening which cannot otherwise be explained, has proved the inspiration for the most ambitious offering yet contributed by Adelaide and Hughes. Heretofore they have been content to present only themselves and their art, but this season they are doing an allegorial ballet in addition to their own repertoire. The number, which was conceived by Mr. Hughes, tells the story of the conflict between Peace and War for Civilization's favors. Black robed War inveigles into a scene set to represent the garden of the world, the supporting company costumed as the different belligerent nations.

Finally after tiring of War, Civilization embraces Peace and all ends happily as is expected of every stage story whether told in terms dramatic or in dance pantomimic. In this pretty *divertissement,* petite Adelaide impersonates Peace and the agile Mr. Hughes Civilization.

Then there are Marion Morgan's Dancers in "A Roman Ballet in Three Episodes," which is founded on the mythological narrative of Nero and the Vestal Virgins. Miss Morgan retells the legend with all the variations required by her own interpretation and with musical, scenic and lighting decorations which make it distinctive among pantomimic dancing spectacles.

From the horde of Russian dancers that migrated to this country with the Imperial Russian Ballet there still remains in vaudeville Theodore Kosloff, now heading his own company of whirling satellites which includes dainty Vlasta Maslova. At one time an epidemic of these impetuous subjects of the Czar seemed imminent, but in the progress of that inviolate law of nature, the survival of the fittest, their number has been materially reduced, much to the relief of those who suffered from the surfeit of their influx.

Ruth St. Denis, aided and abetted by Ted Shawn (her husband) and the Denishawn girls —a name apparently compounded with due regard for the equal rights theory—must not be omitted from the production dancers in vaudeville. For years this charming artiste has enjoyed a vogue all her own. More recently she has been interesting herself in Greek pageant affairs in California, but again she is back in the varieties, captivating audiences by her supreme mastery of her art.

BANKOFF AND GIRLIE head a company which includes Madeleine Harrison and eight nimble coryphees. Theirs is a large scenic production and the incidental music is so elaborate that the services of a special conductor is required. A few years ago an act of such a character would be considered a sensation, but to-day it is only one of many similar spectacles, much welcome by two-a-day patrons and its worth fully appreciated but still regarded as a natural heritage.

Another woman sponsor for a dancing production is May (*Concluded on page* 253)

Photo White

SARAH PADDEN AND HER COMPANY IN "THE CLOD" TOURING IN VAUDEVILLE

Photos White

THE WARRIOR IS SLAIN BY THE CHIEF PRIESTESS

Marion Morgan's Art Dancers are unique in several respects. Their inception was a group of school girls who danced exceptionally well, and whose instructor in physical culture, a member of the Faculty of the University of California, determined to take them on a tour of this country in exhibition of classical dancing. The consent of the parents of the young girls had to be secured, since all of them were minors. Mrs. Morgan and her lovely sextette achieved popularity almost at a bound. They danced in Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms and at Bartik's Musical Mornings at the Waldorf Astoria. They became the features of Broadway productions. Vaudeville invited them and they accepted the invitation. This season they will supplement their activities in vaudeville by giving symbolic dances at colleges and universities. The evolution of the Marion Morgan Art Dancers has reached the number of fourteen. It now includes a man. Their new dance, shown on this page, which depicts a tragedy in a temple of the vestals in Rome, demanded the presence of a warrior returned from the battle front. None of the Morgan Dancers cared to essay a male rôle. Mrs. Morgan herself believed that such an impersonation would be inartistic. For the rôle of the warrior brother of one of the vestals, Mrs. Morgan engaged a Harvard man, class of 1914. For this sacrilege in entering the temple to tell his story of the war to his sister he is slain by the chief priestess. Families of wealth and prominence, believing that her instruction makes for health and beauty, have asked Mrs. Morgan to take their daughters with her on tour.

# MARION MORGAN'S ART DANCERS IN VAUDEVILLE

# A DUAL INTERVIEW WITH DUAL STARS

By MARGERY BURR

*With Sketches by Clara Tice*

HAD there been but one of them to begin with, would her allotment have been half the fame of the Dolly Sisters? According to mathematical calculation it should work out that way.

And yet there lingers a doubt—not that each one is not perfect in herself; but after all it must be admitted that the chief fascination of the twin Dollys lies not so much in the grace of their dancing, nor in the charm of their personalities, nor in the naïveté of this manner, nor yet the quaintness of their accents—sufficient as are all of these—but rather in the amazing duplicity of Nature.

Of course, it made things a bit complicated from the first. But think of the fun that Yancsi and Rozsika have been getting out of it! Think of the tricks they have played upon their friends as well as upon their audiences.

For instance, there is the story of the diner who, having imbibed not wisely but too well, went to see a performance of the Dollys in one of their dancing acts, and after watching them intently for awhile, remarked with a bland smile: "She's a nice little thing, isn't she?"

CLARA TICE and I found the dual stars in their dual dressing room the other day just before a matinée of "His Bridal Night," sitting before a dual mirror and making up for their dual rôles. For a moment we thought we were seeing double. Then we remembered. It was quite what we expected.

Having had the advantage of a previous interview not long ago, we gave them one mad scrutiny in an attempt to distinguish which was who, then gave up in despair.

"Which little Dolly are you?" I asked the one nearest me, while Miss Tice hastily got out her sketch book.

When they had introduced themselves it took a close half hour of concentration to remember which was which.

"Do you ever get mixed up?"

"Lots of times," sighed Rozsika wearily. "Always on our photographs. If we don't remember our positions when we posed we decide who's who by counting 'Eeny, meeny, miney, mo!' When someone asks us which is which on some of our pictures we offer them their choice."

"Are your clothes all alike?"

"Most of them. We order double of everything. Poor Lucille complains that she loses interest when she has to repeat herself so frequently. But sometimes one of us gets a pretty thing that the other covets, and then—"

"The first one up is the one best dressed!" broke in Yancsi with a laugh.

They flattened their pretty noses against the mirror to see if their make-up and coiffures were identical, and in an unguarded moment we looked around, and then had to begin all over again.

"Poor Yancsi has a cold," sympathized Rozsika.

"And so poor Rosie can't wash her head," went on Yancsi. "We have to do it at the same time, or else our hair will look different in the play."

"Yancsi," said the other suddenly, "I'll have to catch cold too. Someone said last night that he could tell us apart by our voices, now that you have a cold. That will never do!"

Husband Jean Schwartz came in just then. He held his breath for a moment and glanced sharply from one to the other before committing himself. At that we are sure he was aided in his decision by Rozsika's little welcoming smile.

It must be said for Clara Tice that she tried her best to be literal. But what chance had she when a matter-of-fact camera gets fooled? They posed, and she sketched. Her green eyes narrowed tensely in an effort to discern, then she gave up despairingly and fled to her studio.

WITH great merriment Rozsika told us about the recent occurrence on the Ziegfeld Roof rather well staged by the Terrible Twins. A man who is quite well known in theatrical circles—he prefers to have his name deleted by the censor because the joke proved to be on him—boasted somewhat airily that he could tell the Dolly Sisters apart at any time. Another mutual friend who was with him bet him $50 that he could not, first warning him of what he was letting himself in for. It had never been done before, he was told sadly and impressively. But the other was pretty sure, and held on to his determination to win the bet and set a mark in history. The bet was accordingly confirmed. Rozsika was invited to dine with the man in a well-known hotel.

During the dinner it was arranged that she was to be paged and so play a neat little trick upon her host. The rather elaborate meal was progressing nicely to the third course when a page announced a call for "Miss Rozsika Dolly." Rozsika hurried out to one of the reception rooms where she met her sister, dressed exactly like herself. She informed her of the progress of the dinner and the conversation, then sent her into the dining room to continue the meal and the talk where she had left off.

Everything went beautifully on the three-course handicap dinner, with the bettor conjuring up rosy visions of pocketing the fifty. He had even commenced to invest it. He glowed with complete satisfaction as he led the dainty Dolly out to dance. They were getting along famously, when he took her aside and told her the story of the reckless bet.

"I know who you are," he said pompously, "you could never fool me. Why, you are——"

"Hold on a minute," said the Dimpling Dolly, "are you aware that you began your dinner with one of us and finished with the other?"

Just then Rozsika appeared with the stakeholder, and the dazed gambler wilted away upon the scene.

WHAT chance could any mere friend have, when the unhappy groom in "His Bridal Night" could not tell his bride from her sister?

The natural complications of having the Dollys so alike were greatly heightened by doubling their clothes, until the harassed husband collapsed when he was informed that "your wife are waiting!"

The greatest measure of sympathy should go to the two perfectly good husbands of Rozsika and Yancsi, Harry Fox, the singer-comedian-movie-actor, and Jean Schwartz, the music publisher. How do they feel about it? Is not their position frequently similar to that of the husband in the play, who wails in the last act: "If what Vi—I mean Tiny—I mean *that* one—said were true, then I must have come away with the wrong one. (*Concluded on page* 249)

Photos White

PEDRO DE CORDOBA YANCSI DOLLY

YANCSI AND ROZSIKA DOLLY

The bridegroom of twin sisters starts on his honeymoon with the wrong one. A persistent suitor for the bride humorously butts in, and a sequence of situations arise as critically naughty as daring ingenuity can invent. The Dolly Sisters are the twins. Their close resemblance helps the illusion.

THE DOLLY SISTERS AND JOHN WESTLEY

THE DOLLY SISTERS

THE DOLLY SISTERS, JOHN WESTLEY AND PEDRO DE CORDOBA

## SCENES IN THE FARCE "HIS BRIDAL NIGHT" AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

# IN THE SPOTLIGHT

ELEANOR ROBSON, now Mrs. August Belmont, discovered Donald Gallaher. It was while she was playing in "The Girl Who had Everything" that she asked this writer to call at the Liberty Theatre because there was something she "wished to tell" her. The something was that she had a wonderful little boy in her company whom she wished the writer to "watch." "Watch" the writer did, and having watched is not surprised that the rôle, "Bud Morgan" is so surprisingly well played by him in "The Silent Witness." The rôle requires for its satisfying enactment emotion, cerebration, repression and a fine sense of values. These he has and he has more, for among his assets are youth and a pleasingly boyish personality. He is such a boy as any mother would be proud to call son in his Bud Morgan. He is a hero without heroics. He plays with restraint a rôle that might easily lose itself in the field of rant. He was five when he went upon the stage. Clyde Fitch, who liked his quality and predicted that he would become a fine actor of the natural school, wrote the part of Tommy Means in "The Girl Who Has Everything" for him. He appeared with Miss Robson also in "Nurse Marjorie," and in "Salomy Jane." As a little mountain boy in "Salomy Jane" he made a strongly human appeal.

Donald Gallaher

WITH keen character sense, and unctuous humor, likewise the firm but not heavy grasp of authority, Anne Sutherland plays "Nellie Brockton" in the melodramatic farce "Cheating Cheaters." To this exceptionally fine performance Miss Sutherland brings, indeed, the authority of a rich and rounded stage career. For four years she was Joseph Jefferson's leading woman. Her Gretchen was one of the joy spots of Mr. Jefferson's mellow production of "Rip Van Winkle." After her four-year contract with Mr. Jefferson expired Miss Sutherland went to Vienna where she entered the new world of comic opera, playing with the continentally famous Marianna Brent. On her return to America she was immediately engaged by Charles Frohman to play a leading rôle in "The White Horse Tavern." New York saw her in that successful play for a year. She was one of the cast of David Belasco's company in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Under the Belasco banner she was also seen in "Zaza." New York recalls her in "The Speckled Band." She was Kate Fallon of "The Deep Purple." Out of her remote experiences she summons memories of a season with Mrs. James Brown Potter and with the late Kyrle Bellew. Among recent ones she essayed in vaudeville with Edwin Arden in "The Stool Pigeon," and supported Arnold Daly in his revival of "You Never Can Tell." Among our pleasant memories that is an unmixed pleasure was her characterization of Mary Jane's Maw in Edith Ellis' comedy, "Mary Jane's Pa."

Anne Sutherland

CHARLES CHERRY tells Ann Murdock, in the comedy, "Please Help Emily," at the Lyceum Theatre, that Francis, his valet, is a "perfect servant." The audience concurs. Mr. Harwood, who plays the humble part of servant with amazing subtlety, owes his histrionic excellence in part to heredity. His father, the late James Harwood, was an actor successful enough to own a circus. The elder Harwood served his Thespian apprenticeship with Durocq, being the original Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. He owned Artley's and the Queen's Theatre of Manchester. The present upholder of the old and honorable theatric name made his début as a child in "The Two Roses" with Sir Henry Irving. He played the child perforce because he was of childish stature, having but just attained the age of five years. With that distinguished actor-manager he served for fourteen years, leaving him to join Cyril Maude. It was in Mr. Maude's company he made his American début two seasons ago. Audiences of "Grumpy" at Wallack's and at the Empire readily recall his impersonation of the butler. During his service as Mr. Maude's stage director he made the production of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," from which Mr. Maude derived a large fortune. That "Please Help Emily" was written by a Harwood, H. M., is a query stimulating coincidence. Not brothers, no relations.

John Harwood

EARLY last season Emily Wellman played in "The Unborn," a young woman to whom the gift of motherhood was unwelcome. In "The Guilty Man" we see her a prematurely aged woman, becoming blind. Miss Wellman is a product of England, but stamped with the die of American life, for she was but two years old when her parents brought her from Airly King on the River Severn. Her first appearance was in "The Peaceful Valley." She was with Cyril Scott during the closing weeks of "The Prince Chap." She joined Louis Mann's company in "The Man Who Stood Still." She was his leading woman in "Elevating a Husband." For six years she was under the severe tutelage of that admirable character actor, thereby profiting. She was with "On Trial" for a season in Chicago and appeared last season in "The Co-respondent," then, as now, supporting Miss Irene Fenwick.

Emily Ann Wellman

RUTH CHESTER'S acting of the rôle of the saintly, unsuspecting old mother, about to be turned from her home by a thieving pharisee of her church, is memorable portraiture. Ten years ago the painter of the portrait was touring South Africa in "Trilby," playing the title rôle. At the time this is written she is a white-haired mother, toying with the heartstrings of audiences at every performance of "Turn to the Right," at the Gaiety Theatre. "Dear Mrs. Bascom," say the actors in the play. "Dear Mrs. Bascom" say auditors as they go from the theatre. If you chance to see her emerging from her workshop by way of the stage door you will see a vital young face topped by rich brown hair. Her white wig has come to be an indispensable part of her stage wardrobe. But since she registered so deeply in the memories of playgoers in the racial drama, "The House Next Door,"—it was at the Gaiety Theatre by the way—the managers have been unwilling to let her play anything else. If you saw her in "Stop Thief" you saw her as a mother, again at her house of success, the Gaiety. So in "White Magic," in "The Common Law" and "The White Feather" you saw her, snowy crowned and maternal, Miss Chester is of England. She came to this country twelve years ago in James K. Hackett's supporting company in "The Walls of Jericho."

Ruth Chester

THAT chap is rich in personality. He could borrow a million dollars on his smile." The remark applied to William E. Meehan, who plays Muggs, the pickpocket, in "Turn to the Right." Mr. Meehan's first salary was a dollar a night when he was a super in "The Darling of the Gods." Later he got three dollars a week extra by dressing George Arliss for his enactment of the ferocious Japanese villain. He rose in rank and in wealth when he became a chorus man in "The Runaways." Billy Gould, one of the principals of "The Runaways," resigning, the youth with the merry smile succeeded him in the musical comedy at the Casino. George Cohan sitting in front, his acute eyes seeking talent, descried the youth with the all conquering smile. In Mr. Cohan's play, "Little Johnnie Jones," he was transferred to fill the vacancy caused by Donald Brian's departure. Burlesque next beckoned young Mr. Meehan. He did not resist the wiles of that audacious step-sister of the drama. He sang and danced his way into specialties in vaudeville. But while he capered for burlesque audiences and talked and winked staccato at vaudeville ones, his heart was true to his ambition. It was the legitimate stage. He secured a small part with "Moonlight Mary."

William E. Meehan

PROCESSION OF THE HIGH PRIESTS IN THE STREETS OF ANCIENT BABYLON

A 'LITTLE AFFAIR" IN THE HOME OF A MILLIONAIRE SOCIAL REFORMER

The Italian-made film "Cabiria" set the pace for spectacular screen effects. That splendid picture, with its thrilling narrative, its pageantry, its magnificent mob and lighting effects, has never been surpassed. Two years ago David W. Griffith ran it a close second with "The Birth of a Nation," and now he presents a new historic spectacle called "Intolerance," dealing with the glory that was Babylon's, the Paris of Henry of Navarre, scenes in the life of Christ, etc., etc. The picture is a sort of crazy quilt of history, the theme being that all through the ages man in his dealings with his fellows has been animated by the spirit of intolerance. The fall of Belshazzar, the Crucifixion, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the social reform agitation of our own day are, he argues, the fruit of relentless persecution. The taking of a picture of this magnitude must have been a colossal enterprise, for the producer has been at great pains and expense to have everything historically correct. It remains to be seen, however, whether such serious, "preachy" fare will not prove a trifle heavy for the average movie fan. It is rather disconcerting, also, the manner in which the story jumps suddenly from the slums of modern America to the court of ancient Babylon and from thence to Paris in the days of the de Medici. The scenes, however, are all interesting, many surpassingly beautiful, especially those giving glimpses in the life of Christ. In addition to its countless mobs, the picture has 75 acting characters.

## SCENES IN GRIFFITH'S NEW MOTION PICTURE "INTOLERANCE" AT THE LIBERTY

# MOVIES IN THE ORIENT

## By ARCHIE BELL

I HAD not been in America fifteen minutes, after four months in the Orient, before an interested producer asked me: "What is the status of the motion picture in Japan and China?"

"Charlie Chaplin is a big drawing-card in China," I replied. "There are cinema exhibitions in all of the cities. The Chinese like the 'movies' so do the Japanese."

There are few occasions, excepting a patriotic or religious festival where the Japanese will so unbend himself and forget his "dignity." At Kyoto, the ancient capital, where I had seen the people festive and gay during the day, as they participated in the Great Aoi festival at the Kamo shrine, I observed them in the evening as they witnessed the American thriller, "The Hazards of Helen." They made about as much noise at one as at the other, giving outbursts of applause, and even rising to their feet and shouting, just about as much when the hero saved Helen and her baby by venturing to the railroad bridge and jumping into the river with the two in his arms, as the express train whizzed across the screen, as they did when the Sugekasa pasasal and the sacred horses passed through the streets on their stately journey toward the Shinto temple.

ONE was natural, because if there is respect on earth, it is that of the Japanese for the traditions and for the ancient institutions, which the forward march of the empire since 1868 has left remaining. It is not "good form," not even "proper," for a Japanese to betray his emotions. At least he must not let them rise to the surface. He may applaud at the theatre, but even while making his very "European" demonstration which is not at all in accordance with ancient custom, as inherited from the Chinese, he must not smile or laugh. The comedian may grimace; gentlemen in the audience are not supposed to do so. The scene may be very thrilling and tense; but Japanese gentlemen should have better control of themselves than to show by any facial movement that they are moved.

But Helen, assuredly very modern, as seen in the motion pictures, caused them to forget some of the things that they had been taught by their fathers. They not only betrayed the fact that they got the thrill, but they seemed delighted to do so and seemed to desire to let the hero know that they appreciated what he had done. When "close-up" portraits of the characters were shown, smirking and "looking pleasant," which is contrary to all the canons of Japanese theatre art, they stood up and waved their hands. When the express train was flashed on the screen, whizzing along at a mile a minute—in a country where trains are likelier to move a mile in ten minutes—they applauded as we in America applaud when a favorite star makes her "big speech" in the third act.

AT all Japanese motion picture exhibitions a lecturer stands on the stage and explains the action, even in such yarns of primitive construction as "The Hazards of Helen."

"Now you see the little child going out upon the railway bridge," he explains. "She is a thoughtless infant who does not know that death is lurking in the pathway. She is probably as happy as any innocent little child could be. She skips along over the railway ties, thinking that she has found a new amusement, because she has never walked on the railway tracks before. But what will happen when the fast train comes thundering along the track? What will become of the child?"

Oh, he is an eloquent speaker, this "chorus" who explains the play. He weaves much into his "explanation" that is prompted by the picture itself, much that never entered into the mind of the scenario-writer or producer.

I WAS unable to learn the origin of these gentlemen who seem so important to the movie industry in Japan, but they must have had much theatrical experience in their native country. They must have as ready knowledge of all the old plots as the average dramatist in America. Perhaps some of them have acted in Japanese plays, the plots of most of which are the same as the stereotyped plots in American drama.

It is the "lecturer" who makes the American movie intelligible to the Oriental audience, at least the Japanese audience, which insists upon knowing something about what is transpiring. The average Chinese audience is not so particular. Chinese actors carry "suggestion" so much further than even the American Mrs. Fiske would attempt to do, their speeches are so absolutely inaudible, on account of the strumming and squawking of the various instruments of the orchestra, that people do not expect to hear too much and have learned to trust to their eyes. Or perhaps they do not care to understand. In the course of a six to ten hour entertainment, which is not an uncommon length of time for a Chinese play to run, they will hear enough to satisfy them and reward them for going to the theatre. It is useless to permit one's self to become tense and excited about mere play acting. Life itself is much more comic, much more tragic; and they do not become excited about life, seeming to value it very lightly and not worrying about death.

Their attitude towards the theatre is very well expressed by a question asked of some of the Shanghai Chinamen after they had witnessed the first game of tennis in that country, as played by Englishmen. "Yes, it's all very well," they said, "but why run around hitting the little balls, when you could hire coolies to do it for you?"

BUT just as Edmund Day used to insist that "nobody loves a fat man," it seems equally certain that all the world loves Charlie Chaplin. He has "invaded" the Orient and he is winning friends for the "American drama," where acting and singing companies have failed to do so. They told me of an American comic opera company that visited Tokyo some time ago. My informant says the troupe gave creditable performances, but the Japanese ears were tortured by the singing. At first the audience calmly endured it, thinking that the agony would soon be over. Then they looked at one another and smiled, and finally, before the evening was over, most of the men had folded their kimona sleeves over their mouths so their laughter would not be audible.

But they all have heard about the popularity of Charlie Chaplin in America and for once in their lives, Orient agrees with Occident. Chaplin is a great entertainer. The Japanese enjoy him, because his antics exactly coincide with the ideas of what comedy should be; but absolute and adequate appreciation comes from China, where they think he is the funniest man who ever lived.

IT is very amusing to attend a theatre in China where a Chaplin exhibition is in progress. I did so first in the weird and almost unbelievable city of Canton. It was a rather im posing structure and Canton's "best people" were said to be in attendance. The first glance at them, however, was rather shocking. Here was "full dress" with a vengeance, "full dress" that quite put in the shade any similar effort at undress in the Metropolitan horseshoe. Every Chinaman was stripped to the waist and wore either a pair of bathing trunks—the idea was borrowed from America—or the long baggy Chinese trousers that are tied around the ankles with ribbons. But as I looked out over the audience, the bathing trunks, trousers and ribbons were invisible. All I could see was an ocean of bare backs and shoulders. I took a seat among this strangely costumed multitude and finally recovered sufficiently to note that a Charlie Chaplin comedy was being shown.

Bang! Something came down and hit him on the head. Zip! He tripped his toe and fell headlong.

The audience laughed as I have never seen Chinese laugh before or since. Cantonese are usually quite plump specimens of manhood—there were few ladies present, because it is not yet considered quite the "proper" thing for a Chinese matron and her daughters to attend a cinema exhibition—and I carefully observed the perspiring specimens close to me. They seemed to be having the time of their lives. Sometimes laughing so hard that it seemed to pain them, doubtless because it pained them to realize that they were so forgetting themselves. Whenever "our Charlie" took a particularly heavy fall, or whenever something fell on his head, apparently causing him great suffering, the Chinese closed their eyes, sat back on the benches and laughed facially and inwardly. It was a typical Cantonese July night and it was very warm. The perspiration flowed down their backs in streams as they literally undulated with glee.

NO better exhibition could be devised for the entertainment of the Chinese audience. He is supposed to have a "heart," but the Chinaman derives much glee when he sees another man suffering, particularly if he deserves it. Let a villain strut upon the speaking stage with those artificial strides so affected by the native actors, and the Chinaman will literally shout with joy, when he comes to his downfall. "What is, is right," he argues, (*Concluded on page 250*)

From a portrait, copyright the Moffett Studio

Sincerely
Mary Nash

Gloria tears off her mourning on discovering her lover's infidelity

Trask tells Gloria that he committed the murder of Frenau

Trask is wounded when resisting capture

Gloria fears her brother is implicated in the murder

Gloria finds the letters that Lois has written Frenau

Photos © George Kleine

Dr. Royce informs Gloria of his intention of joining the medical corps of the Red Cross

Gloria and Dr. Royce meet on their errand of mercy

## BILLIE BURKE IN THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL "GLORIA'S ROMANCE"

*In our August issue we gave pictures of the opening chapters of "Gloria's Romance." We reproduce here scenes from the final instalments of this popular film play.*

# FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

*By MLLE. MANHATTAN*

## COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

*Miss Carroll McComas in "Seven Chances" shows a gray lace wrap lined with deep red*

THE sartorial sensation of the early theatrical season is supplied by the Dolly sisters in the twin costumes which puzzle the audience and confuse the luckless bridegroom in "His Bridal Night." The "oriental tea gowns" worn by the sisters evoke gasps of admiration from the feminine beholder, every time they are seen, and if the autumn brides fail to copy the gorgeous wedding dress worn by the twin who happens to be bride—why so much the worse for the Autumn bride. The artist has sketched the tea gown, but black and white fail to do justice to the magnificent riot of color let loose in this amazing costume. Of course, since they are "oriental" these "gowns" are cut with the turkish trousers first seen when Mary Garden and Lillie Langtry simultaneously dawned upon the American horizon, with this beautified trouser effect. I don't know what sort of narcotic beverage "oriental" tea may be, but whatever it is, here is the oriental tea gown that goes with it: A jacket of silver and scarlet lace over an underbodice and trousers of mauve chiffon embroidered in silver. A skirt of blue chiffon is striped with azure satin and a delirium of scarlet, green and sapphire stripes mingles in the binding. A head dress of mauve, matching the trousers, is worn with a blue Harem veil.

ANN MURDOCK is behaving naughtily at the Lyceum in "Please Help Emily" without the adventitious aid of any particularly stunning gowns, but she makes up in the chic and charm of her street attire for lack of sartorial splendor at the theatre. I saw Miss Murdock proudly showing a new string of pearls to a sister actress at a supper dance a few nights ago, and her dress was charming. Chiffon of the new "orangeade" tone was selected for Miss Murdock's gown (by Tappé, of course,) and the full round skirt was trimmed with lines of white jet springing from large flat roses of the jet that formed a girdle around the waist. One shoulder was crossed with a flat band of similar roses, and the other was draped with one of the new angel sleeves. The long sleeve was tipped at the end with the inevitable tassel. This time it was of mixed white and orange jet. Orangeade, by the way, is promised as a favorite color this season, especially for stage costumes, as it is exceedingly becoming to both blonde and brunette types and lights up very well. It is a little more yellow than champagne, and not quite so deep as the orange tones shown in the early Autumn millinery.

AT the Cohan Theatre one sees a new note in the Greek gown worn by Anne Meredith in "Seven Chances." Miss Meredith looks like Clytie or Psyche or whichever of the classic heroines you choose in this gown, which is cut upon the lines of the Athenian chiton, with no sleeves and a peplum shorter than one sees that overdress on antique friezes. But Miss Meredith is so much prettier than a frieze that one doesn't mind the modernization. "She ought to wear sandals with that frock," said Margaret Wilson, daughter of the White House, when Miss Meredith first appeared in the Greek gown. And Miss Wilson's criticism was quite correct. I wonder why the idea escaped the artistic eye of Mr. Belasco?

Miss Carroll McComas wears the most notable of the seven evening gowns in "Seven Chances"—a creation in deep geranium tulle over a foundation of gold tissue. The skirt is made of three flounces of the tulle, showing threads of the gold here and there—whether woven into the net or embroidered upon it, I was not able to decide. The bodice was of the usual simplicity, a wide band of the gold tissue being wound loosely around the figure with one shoulder strap of deep red flowers, and the other a double armlet of twisted tulle. With this frock in the third act Miss McComas strolls out upon the terrace, wearing a very attractive evening cape of gray lace lined with the same vivid tone as that which appears in her gown, and edged with frills of the geranium tulle. Good taste rather than novelty marks these gowns, which are less elaborate but not less lovely than those usually seen in Belasco productions.

IT is quite natural that the exquisite taste which characterizes Miss Martha Hedman's acting, and her stage toilettes, should also mark her frocks for private life, and so it may interest you to have a glimpse of some very chic and charming gowns just added to her wardrobe. Callot has supplied a quite novel effect in a street costume, that just escapes the severe tailleur mode, and yet is in perfect taste for all out-of-door occasions. French broadcloth of a beautiful blue-black is combined in this frock, with white rajah, of the heaviest weave. The "square rigged" bodice is of the rajah, and it is attached to a very wide circular skirt of broadcloth, by a simple but effective garniture of black embroidery, done in vertical lines of varying length. The skirt, which is quite short, and very full, is faced with snowy rajah, that suggests a fluting of white with every step of the wearer. The sleeves are long with a back turned cuff of white; but the great chic of the costume is furnished by a charming little waist-length cape—an exact copy of the fatigue cape of the French hussar uniform, in black lined with white and with a simple *decor* of the proper military cord, broided in the correct device for the uniform with which it is worn.

Very lovely and embodying the newest Paris ideas is an evening gown which *ce cher* Bendel has just finished for Miss Hedman. Rich white satin charmeuse is chosen for this creation, which copies the lines of the celebrated picture of Mme. Recamier by Villet. The high waist is outlined, but by no means closely girdled, by a ceinture of silver and crystal embroidery with a large placque set just to the left of the centre to confine the long flowing ends of the embroidered sash. A square train, very narrow, falls below the short skirt and is heavily embroidered in crystal like the ceinture, and at the left side falls a similarly embroidered panel of satin. This double train is the last thought in French gowns for formal events and is very smart and novel. The skirt is cut rather shorter than ankle length, and the train has its own sweet way in the graceful lines it forms in falling to the floor. The waist shows rather stronger hints of sleeves than have hitherto been seen, both arms being covered to a depth of four or five inches from the shoulder, by straight little sleeves of the lustrous, shadowy satin which depends upon the beauty of its texture for charm, and shows no decoration whatever.

ELSIE FERGUSON, now that she is Mrs. "Tom" Clarke, Jr., is becoming addicted to more frivols in gowns than characterized her severe taste when she was simply Elsie Ferguson, comedienne. I saw her on the avenue the

*The new two trained effect is a feature of this Bendel creation in white satin with crystal embroidery worn by Martha Hedman*

other day, wearing a very chic frock of darkest brown serge made with a front panel over which fell straight lengths reaching from side-front to mid-back. These long tunic panels were finished with crescents of the fashionable wool embroidery done in shades of heliotrope shading to a rich bright purple. A basque front was simulated by a draped piece of the serge, and a smart double collar—one of the novel Pol-Poiret things—finished the bodice, which was made with the long sleeve flaring at the wrist.

Julia Sanderson, when I spied her yesterday at the bank where all the actresses keep their money, was wearing a very fascinating frock of sensitive pink georgette, made with six flat ruffles headed and finished at the bottom with a cord of satin. The little round bodice had a deep cape collar—almost like a bolero—of the satin finished with a garniture of the same cording that was used on the ruffles. A wide brimmed sailor of white leghorn was almost covered with glossy green leaves and roses of the same hue as the costume, and a white parasol with a pink enamel handle was carried by the very attractive "Sybil."

Miss Josephine Victor, whom everybody was admiring at the "Great Lover" first night, kindly consented to pose exclusively for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in her newest evening coat—a wrap likely to be widely copied for wear at the opera this winter. This gorgeous and yet youthful creation is of sapphire velours, of a lovely soft quality full of lights and shades, with a simulated yoke effect of rich embroidery done in blue and gold with little touches of silver. A deep flounce of handsomely shaded fitch fur finishes the hem, and a collar of the same fur with narrow fur fringes on the sleeves complete the fitch motif.

SMART women flocking from Newport to Lenox or Long Island these early Autumn days, pause a moment en route to visit the ateliers of the men and women who create the fashionable gowns for the coming Winter, to select a frock or two for Autumn wear. Two outstanding features mark the newest gowns—if they are for day wear, they have novel collars showing the influence of Jeanne Lanvin or of Paul Poiret, and they are much embroidered either in silks and tinsels with beads and a few paillettes here and there or with woolens in the new and lovely colors which the war time fad for knitting has brought forth in yarns and wools. The evening frocks of the coming Winter, unless Dame Fashion changes her capricious mind before the opening of the opera season, will be more extreme than ever in the daring of the bodices, which promise to be cut lower both front and back than last Winter's models. Sleeves of both extremes, so I heard a noted fashion monger assure Eleanor Belmont, will be correct. Either the floating long "angel sleeve," or the mere twist of tulle or velvet required to hold the sketchy corsage over the shoulder find favor in the newest designs.

The first openings at the theatres have shown many hints of coming fashions.

*Miss Victor's gorgeous metallic embroidered wrap of blue velvet is the last word in opera cloaks.*

*A French Hussar fatigue cape is a feature of this frock which Miss Martha Hedman calls her "pet"*

SO many first nights are engaging our attention just now, that one seems living in a perfect saturnalia of thrills. The plays furnish surprises of one sort and the smart frocks seen on and off the stage provide another sort, so it is a callous theatre-goer, indeed, who fails to enjoy little shivers of ecstasy over the dresses and the dramas of these first Autumn evenings. Enjoying Irene Fenwick's performance at the Astor Theatre a few evenings ago, I saw Julie Opp Faversham and the Princess Troubetskoy looking so cool and happy I felt a frenzied desire to pull their hair out of shape. The princess wore a stunning frock, the bodice being a single width of gold ribbon, brocaded pink and black roses in velvet raised design. The short full skirt was of black satin with zig zag ruchings of black tulle shot with gold. A wisp of pink satin twisted loosely formed shoulder straps and from these fell long floating ends of tulle that were held in place just at the waist line by a straight band of gold-and-pink roses.

Mrs. Faversham, who likes black for evening wear, wore a very stunning gown of black marquisette with lines of steel beads alternating with row of black jet, forming bands around the skirt. The black satin under petticoat was very full and rather longer than the strictest demands of fashion dictate, and a pointed fish tail of marquisette solidly beaded in steel and jet formed the very narrow train.

Miss Fenwick's frocks are so plain and simple that the smart gowns in the audiences seem more noticeable than when a repertoire of flamboyant fur below distracts the feminine eye from the dresses worn by smart women in the audience.

Mrs. Morgan Belmont, famed as Margaret Andrews for her chic and beauty, was present at Miss Fenwick's performance a few evenings ago. "How dare you wear such a stunning frock?" I demanded as Mrs. Belmont beamed upon several friends in the lobby. The dress that so created envy in the breast of all beholders was of Envy's own color—a greeny-yellow chartreuse shade of the new faille matinée, a sort of soirée of very close texture. Dainty lines of narrow jet—wee paillettes scarcely larger than dots, encircled the petticoat, making up in number what they lacked in size until they formed bands of quite impressive width. The simple corsage, which was probably far more elaborate than it looked seemed made of numbers of triangular pieces of jet-bordered faille, the deepest of which fell in points from the shoulder simulating sleeves and were finished with rather large tassels of jet. The new angel sleeve with tassels for a finish are quite à la mode just now, by the way.

MISS JULIA SANDERSON sent me word that she was wearing three stunning frocks for this season's opening of "Sybil" at the Empire Theatre, but I found the gowns rather un-inspired and striking no note of the unusual. But if Bendel failed to set any fine standard in Miss Sanderson's wardrobe, he triumphed a delicious creation worn by Miss Blanche Bates in the audience. Miss Bates chose geranium pink soirée for her gown which was cut with the new "waterfall" skirt, and showed a novel bodice made entirely of tiny, flat pink roses with a leaf peeping out here and there. An effect of utmost chic was achieved in velvet shoulder straps (twisted, of course, as are all the new scraps of sleeves) of mauve, and floating mauve tulle shoulder sashes fell behind.

At a recent performance of "Seven Chances" two English beauties, Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) and Lady Colebrook, occupied a box that was the cynosure of all eyes between the acts. Lady de Bathe wore a lovely frock of black tulle with silver flowers and a wrap (Paquin her ladyship told me, when I admired it) of opalescent faille matinée in blue that shows faint lights of faded pink in the folds. Odd sleeves of the new mediaeval effect are the principal characteristic of this half-cloak half-cape garment. The sleeves are of close set crystal beads on gold net. A deep fringe of amber beads finishing the long points in which the very long hanging sleeves terminate. A high collar of blue velvet embroidered in indescribable motifs of pink and gold with crystal beads and tiny flowers employed to define and separate the figures, is finished with long loops and ends of blue velvet ribbon set at the back. The entire wrap was lined with chiffon edged with gold fringe.

Lady Colebrook wore a dress of midnight blue tulle with a bodice of deep blue tinsel over which the tulle was wound in a sash effect with falling ends finished by a tinsel fringe. A quite wondrous wreath of blue tinsel roses crowned Lady Colebrook's coiffure.

"Where have I seen something like that gown?" murmured a pretty girl into the ear of Mrs. Jesse Lewisohn. "Florence (*Concluded on page* 234)

*A delirium of color marks the "oriental tea gown" in which the Dolly sisters are amazing audiences at the Republic*

# THROUGH THE NEW YORK SHOPS
## MR. PAUL BONWIT "PERSONALLY CONDUCTS"

*Two of the new crystal boxes that Paris sends over for powders and creams, one hand-painted, one a vivid translucent violet: a Paul Poiret perfume atomizer: and a colored porcelain perfume burner with perforated brass top, an exclusive novelty with the Bonwit Teller shop.*

WITH its buyers just returned from the four quarters of the globe, its stock replenished with all the latest and most exclusive merchandise, decks polished, sails set, the House of Bonwit Teller & Co. is launched for the coming season.

Mr. Bonwit himself showed us through the big shop from top floor to perfume cellar and made us realize more than ever the interests, the problems, hence the romance, involved in clothing women. Don't let any superior person, male or female, look down their noses at you as a poor low-brow for frivoling with dress. It is for you, each individual woman, that any such great enterprise exists. It is *because* of you. Were you all, unioning together, to strike on buying clothes you could paralyze the wheels of trade as effectually as any body of railroad men. It must interest you, then, to learn a little something of how such a great store as Bonwit Teller lays out its wares, the range and "specialties" offered.

WE started in at the Flapper Department, Bonwit Teller's own special origination, where the awkward-aged girl from twelve to sixteen (English, Flapper) so hard to dress, may be suited with frocks that will be at the same time individual and yet not sophisticated. A boon to Flappers and all mothers of Flappers!

From thence to the *Jeunes Filles,* where the college girl, the débutante, the young person of any sort may find her morning, her afternoon, her evening frocks presented in individual styles. The frocks are not women's frocks cut down into misses' sizes but are created entirely with regard to the young girl's age.

Then a side dart into and an all too brief inspection of the Lingerie Department which is celebrated for its underwear "made to our orders" said Mr. Bonwit "not only by the French peasants but by natives of the Philippines. We appeal particularly to the refined woman for our slogan is the 'costliest things on the simplest lines.' A distinctive feature of the Department is the novelty underwear in colored chiffons, of which we have some marvelous designs and shades. In the matter of negligées a distinct early Italian influence is being seen, cut velvets, straight lines falling from a round neck like old Florentine pictures and statues."

ON to the room for Shoes—where were shown me examples of evening slippers made of specially loomed brocades in wonderful colorings. As there are only one and two yard lengths of this material there can be no duplicates outside the store.

Thence to the Woman's Department, where Mr. Bonwit talked of the season's tendencies, while illustrations of them were being brought up and presented for inspection.

"So many influences are at work," he said. "A little Russian (Russia always in the matter of furs as is natural) some Chinese and Japanese: a note from Belgium in the fur, to which the French have, out of sentiment, given the name *Liège,* but which we shall probably call *lapin;* and quite strongly marked the Italian influence of which I spoke in connection with the negligées."

"The silhouette is to be the natural one, that is the straight Greek line molding the woman's natural curves and with no pinching in at the waist as was tried out in the Spring. The paradoxes created by the war have been many but none is stranger than that this season more than all should be marked by the quality of sumptuousness, particularly in outside coats and wraps. Materials are gorgeous in the extreme woven and brocaded with gold and silver. Trimmings match them in luxuriousness. And the combination is worthy of a Durbar appearance."

*A magnificent and wholly unusual velvet coat, to which it is hard to do justice with mere words. Of deep plum color, it is trimmed with kolinsky dyed fur and a band of gold brocaded material, splashed with purple, which holds the line in tightly around the shoulders and gives a wonderful sweep to the sleeve.*

"Bead work is to be used on everything. On dresses, as ornaments for hats, for large bags for little change purses. A novelty of our house is a little beaded bag to carry in the hand enclosing a powder puff. Another novelty that I have had made up especially for us are some very wonderful beaded belts to circle loosely simple one-piece frocks, crossing in front with ends swinging free. We shall make these belts up separately as well."

"Furs as trimming are to be lavishly used beaver, moleskin, taupe wolf, Hudson seal, lapin, flying squirrel, kolinsky."

"Our buyers have been purchasing not only in London and Paris, the Orient and the Philippines, all the great markets, but they have been sent to the various spas and watering resorts, which have taken on new life recently, so that they might verify the mode as it is worn."

TAILORED suits are developed along straight lines with little tying belts and sashes. The fabrics are velours, duvetyns, marmotte cloth, lamb's cloth, velvet, and curiously enough, satins, which are to be worn right into the Winter. The furs I have already mentioned are, of course, lavishly used on all of these suits."

My attention was called to the treatment of collars, something entirely distinctive of the 1916 Fall. They have a double nature, so to speak. Crushed and buttoned high up around the neck one would never suspect them of being able to spread out, when open, into the big broad flat shapes that they do, some forming almost little capes over the shoulders.

As we proceeded to the Millinery Department Mr. Bonwit made a *détour* to show me the Mourning Department.

"I want to call your attention specially to this," he said. "We have set aside this part of the house so that a woman in mourning may make her choice of individual garments and hats in an atmosphere of seclusion and quiet, undisturbed by the hubbub of the rest of the store."

The Millinery section, Mr. Bonwit elucidated, has two departments, one department of original French models and one for reproductions, "made in our own rooms by French milliners of imported materials exclusively. There are no domestic materials used. The distinctive notes in hats for the season are the height, the Directoire lines and the fact that so many broad-brimmed hats flare off the face. The use of soutache for trimming is especially novel and good."

By this time we had worked our way through

to the Sport Department (noting, on a form, a fascinating mole cape lined with nile green satin, opening drawers here, sliding back glass doors there, that Mr. Bonwit might show examples of those same "Durbar" coats of which he had already spoken) which has just been freshly stocked with a wonderful line of Chanel models, sweaters, sports wear of every sort. There was a duck of a sweater displayed, knitted in yellow Shetland with collars and cuffs of pale blue Angora. That pale blue was quite new to me, as heretofore I have only seen the "pussy-kitty" wool in grey and white.

THE Blouses have a Department all their own as well as a neat little celebrity, but we disregarded their sirening and went down to the main floor, where every feminine accessory imaginable, gloves, hosiery, parasols, artificial flowers, *bijoux*, veils, ribbons, neckwear, has its lair. We wound up at the perfume counter, reviewed the latest imports from Paris in extracts, sachets, soaps, and their engaging receptacles, and learning that still further spoils were at the moment being unboxed below were allowed to descend to the perfume cellar, an experience in itself.

There were, of course, shelves on shelves of every kind of perfume, to make your mouth water, in every kind of bottle, the French bottles taking the lead for beauty and novelty of shapes. There were quantities of the lovely glassware, which all Paris is now using on its toilet tables, and which we show in the sketch at the head of this article, boxes of hand-painted glass in Poiret designs and colorings, boxes in solid, vivid colors like the little fat one in the sketch, itself of a translucent violet. There were brass incense burners and special imported boxes of incense to burn in them. There were perfume burners, the latter an exclusive novelty of the Bonwit-Teller store and limited in number because the French factory from which they were imported has since burned down, and it is doubtful whether the supply can be renewed for a long time to come.

*A frock—one of the many spoils brought back from Paris—of bronze lame lace and brown net over a foundation of gold cloth, with girdle of old blue velvet ribbon. It shows the straight silhouette, the new bodice and the round Italian neck.*

The perfume burners are in porcelains of soft colorings shaped like a small vase and fitted with a perforated brass cap, to which is attached an electric wire. One puts into the burner a limited amount of one's favorite perfume and turns on the current when a subtle but pervading understudy of the same pervades the room.

It is only possible to suggest in our article an outline of this big, artistic shop. To fill in the outline you must go and see for yourself. It might be interesting, however, in conclusion, to hear about some day coats, whose beauty and unusualness seemed to me the most telling examples of the high standard of the whole store.

MR. BONWIT called them "day coats," but they might have been quite as well informal evening coats. For in the first place they were of satin in a heavy, supple quality, and they were all resplendently trimmed with fur. One was a subtle shade of purple, full and flowing to a three-quarter length from under a huge collar of the richest Chinchilla, the drapery intricately fashioned and caught to form what we'll call for courtesy, sleeves. Another was worked out along the same lines in *tête de nègre* satin trimmed with Hudson seal collar and cuffs. But my favorite was a full-length model, on the lines that have been so popular for coats lately of full skirt, belted in at the waist, and coachman's cape. The color of the satin was the loveliest old blue and the fur was mole, mole cape and collar, mole cuffs and pockets edged with mole. When the pretty model who was displaying it stuck her hands in the latter and walked jauntily across the floor she made quite the most picturesque and smartest figure I have seen in many moons.

There are to be many more of these individual satin and fur day coats, Mr. Bonwit said, and no two are to be alike.

There are to be many more of these individual satin and fur day coats, Mr. Bonwit said, as well as others in wool velours and duvetyns.

# SEEN IN FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS

A CRIMSON velvet sailor, very wide of brim, with a low snug fitting crown, around which were closely massed six double dahlias in velvet of slightly paler crimson shade. Vis-à-vis, another sailor, its twin in shape, of dark blue velvet with dahlias in variegated blue and white and pink.

An assortment of jade, inexpensively priced, in different shapes and sizes, to be selected at will and made up into jewelry according to your own designs. Carved jade pieces where the green breaks into white—perhaps the most beautiful of all the varieties of jade—to hang at the end of a gold chain! Lucky pieces for earrings! Round slender polished pieces, two-inch lengths, all ready for the attaching of a gold clasp pin! Jade rings, the circumference of a quarter, to weld together with gold links into a necklace!

High-heeled evening slippers made from a brocade of black background and contrasted peacock colorings. Stretched alongside for companionship a pair of sheer black silk stockings with a beautifully wrought green and blue peacock embroidered on the instep.

An odd and very French conceit of a close-fitting turban for theatre wear made of two long ostrich plumes, one laid flat across the crown, the quill straight down the middle and the flues lying flat on either side with their ends tucked under the second feather which circles the crown. The color was a deep purple. To carry with it and wave during the entr'actes a fan of purple ostrich feathers with amber sticks. On inquiry inside the shop showing this combination it was learned that the hats could be made up in any shade, though the fans were limited as to colors.

Very new motor veils of squares and lengths of chiffon in all shades, picot-edged instead of hemstitched as formerly. Still newer, and of delightful pattern, circular net veils, to throw over a hat, whose embroidery runs on top of the crown and at the hem, the plain mesh of the veil falling over the face. A veil of London smoke, for example, whose embroidered crown and edge was brought out by the contrast of old blue velvet on the hat underneath.

A striking line-up of ear-rings, of every variety, shown by a specialty jewelry shop, with the enticing sign added of "twenty per cent. reduction on all values." In the middle of the row a pair of hoop ear-rings made from strands of seed pearls stood out for sheer beauty from the rest.

Spanish combs of different sizes and shapes in tortoise-shell and amber, a whole window-full of them! As these combs were displayed by one of the largest and best-known hair-dressing establishments in New York it is fair to suppose that this fashion, started originally by Miss Kitty Gordon and to which she is still faithful, is to be the top of the mode for the coming season.

Paillettes and beads of every iridescence under the sun, embroidered on net. Beads alone, paillettes alone, beads and paillettes in combination. Low-neck and high-neck bodices made up to sell separately, radiating from them different widths, or sets of medallions, of the beaded net for trimming the skirts. Pattern dresses, semi-made draped on forms. Whole dresses ready to walk out of the shop window for a price. It is in the nature of redundancy to add that beads and paillettes seem to be extremely popular.

Chamois leather gloves in the natural yellow color, the really natural color, this time, not the glove dyed a beautiful yellow which was beautiful, alas, only up to the time of its first washing, and then faded to a pale indefinite shade. These are the English doeskin imported from London, another "war baby" one supposes, and the real thing to be sure. Price the same as our domestic gloves.

Filmy scarfs for dance and theatre wear of contrasting shades of tulle, caught together by a nosegay. Oid blue went hand in hand with purple and was caught by an orchid; yellow was joined to pink with a conventionalized cowslip; nile green to white with a gardenia.

Through the glass panes of one of the best haberdasher shops on Fifth Avenue, the "very, very" latest thing in mufflers for men, of deliciously supple silk plush in contrasting stripes of navy and light blue, purple and lavender, dark crimson and rose. They are to be worn during the day time, particularly for motoring.

*We should be very glad to furnish, on request, the names of the shops showing these articles, as well as prices.*

the soup of the epicure

# When smart women buy

They weigh the exchange. They consider values.

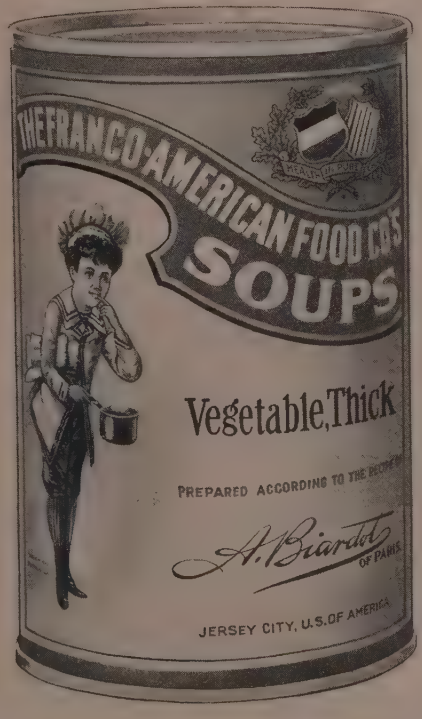
And they purchase Franco-American Soups. Not only for their delicate and exclusive French perfection. Not only for their delightful variety and convenience (all ready to serve). But also because in sheer "value received for the money spent" these famous soups stand unique and quite alone.

Select any one of these soups at random—say the Vegetable, thick—and note what *actually goes into it.* Beef from the meatiest, most nutritive portions of the fore quarters; the sweetest hearts of Chantenay carrots; nursling onions; tomatoes that taste of the sun and the dew and the pleasant places of mother-earth; turnips without fleck or flaw; the tenderest leaves of young cabbage; saucy little leeks; crisp celery; barley; peas plucked in early June! All blended and seasoned with true Gallic finesse!

This is the Vegetable Soup, thick. Telephone your grocer for it and let it give its touch of distinction and delight to your dinner this very evening!

***Twenty cents the can—Double size, thirty-five cents***

***Merely heat before serving*** ***At the better stores***




# Franco-American Soups

***Selections:***

| | |
|---|---|
| Tomato | Chicken Consommé |
| Mock Turtle | Chicken Gumbo |
| Ox Tail, thick | Clam Chowder |
| Clear Ox Tail | Clam Broth |
| Consommé | Chicken |
| Bouillon | Beef |
| Julienne | Pea |
| Mutton Broth | Mulligatawny |
| Clear Vegetable | Green Turtle, thick (45c) |
| Vegetable, thick | Clear Green Turtle (60c) |

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*Beef—Chicken—Mutton—Clam—15c the can*

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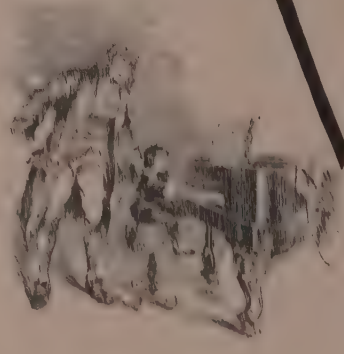
# A Fascinating New Wonder of Music

## ERNEST SCHELLING *the concert pianist in an interview expresses his high appreciation of*

# THE DUO-ART PIANOLA



ERNEST SCHELLING

*is a pianist of great talent and distinction — a composer of high attainments. He was the pupil of Paderewski, and is one of the closest friends of the great virtuoso.*

*When, because of illness, Mr. Paderewski was unable to play at the National Polish Centennial Celebration of the birth of Chopin at Lemberg, he sent Schelling in his stead. Perhaps nothing could indicate more graphically than this incident the truly commanding artistic stature of this eminent American pianist.*

"WHEN I first played in public I was but a little more than four years old. The affair was a sort of 'Tableaux Vivant' at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. I was the little Mozart. The Master of Ceremonies, a huge man, wore a long-tailed coat with a big pocket in it. When my turn came to play he stowed me in that pocket, strode out upon the stage and taking me from my snug place of concealment put me down at the piano. The audience was immensely tickled and gave me an enthusiastic welcome."

Mr. Schelling smiled reminiscently. I smiled also. When Mr. Schelling rises from his chair, one's first estimate of his height is six feet six; certain it is that since his debut from a coat pocket he has grown to a commanding position in the world.

* * * * *

"Beginning with that early appearance, my life has been an almost unbroken round of concert tours, with the exception of the years I devoted to composition. But hardly anything in my entire musical experience has held me with a keener interest than my present work in playing for Duo-Art Records. It is fascinating and stimulating to develop an interpretation, realizing the while that it is to be perpetuated—that it is directed not merely to the present generation, but to posterity. One realizes that at last really great pianistic art, the art which rises to the heights, may achieve immortality —a thing impossible before the advent of the highly perfected reproducing piano.

"And how immensely the field of the pianist's influence has been extended! Through the Duo-Art Pianola, the pianist may reach the civilized world—may literally play to everyone, instead of the few thousands or tens of thousands whom he meets within his audiences of the concert halls. A Shakleton or a Peary may still find himself in touch with the pianistic world of the metropolis. It is remarkable and wonderful, isn't it?"

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Schelling, by reaching people through the Duo-Art? Do you feel that you are actually *playing* to them?"

He was silent a moment. "Sincerely," he answered. "I think the Duo-Art reproduction of an artist's carefully prepared record will present that artist at his best. For example, I consider that my interpretation of the 10th Rhapsodie which we heard a few minutes ago upon the Duo-Art was played as well as I would play it in one of my best moods. That makes my position clear, doesn't it?"

"You believe then," I queried, "that the Duo-Art reproductions retain the artist's personality?"

"Oh yes indeed. Particularly in rhythmical peculiarities, in tempi and in individuality of phrasing, the reproduction is startlingly perfect."

"As you listen to one of your own reproduced interpretations, Mr. Schelling, do you have a feeling of satisfaction? As this note and that is struck, as a run is taken or a crescendo built up, do you feel a desire to go to the piano and emphasize this note,

pedal that run differently, throw more force into the crescendo? — or do these details as they unfold, win your nods of approval?"

"My nods of approval, yes. Of course, no artist ever feels entire satisfaction with regard to his own work, whether original or reproduced; if he does, it is time for him to step aside. I endeavor to remove all minor dissatisfactions during the process of editing. When I am working over my records I actually go to the piano and change emphasis of passages, pedaling and so forth. I am really very happy over these finished Duo-Art reproductions.

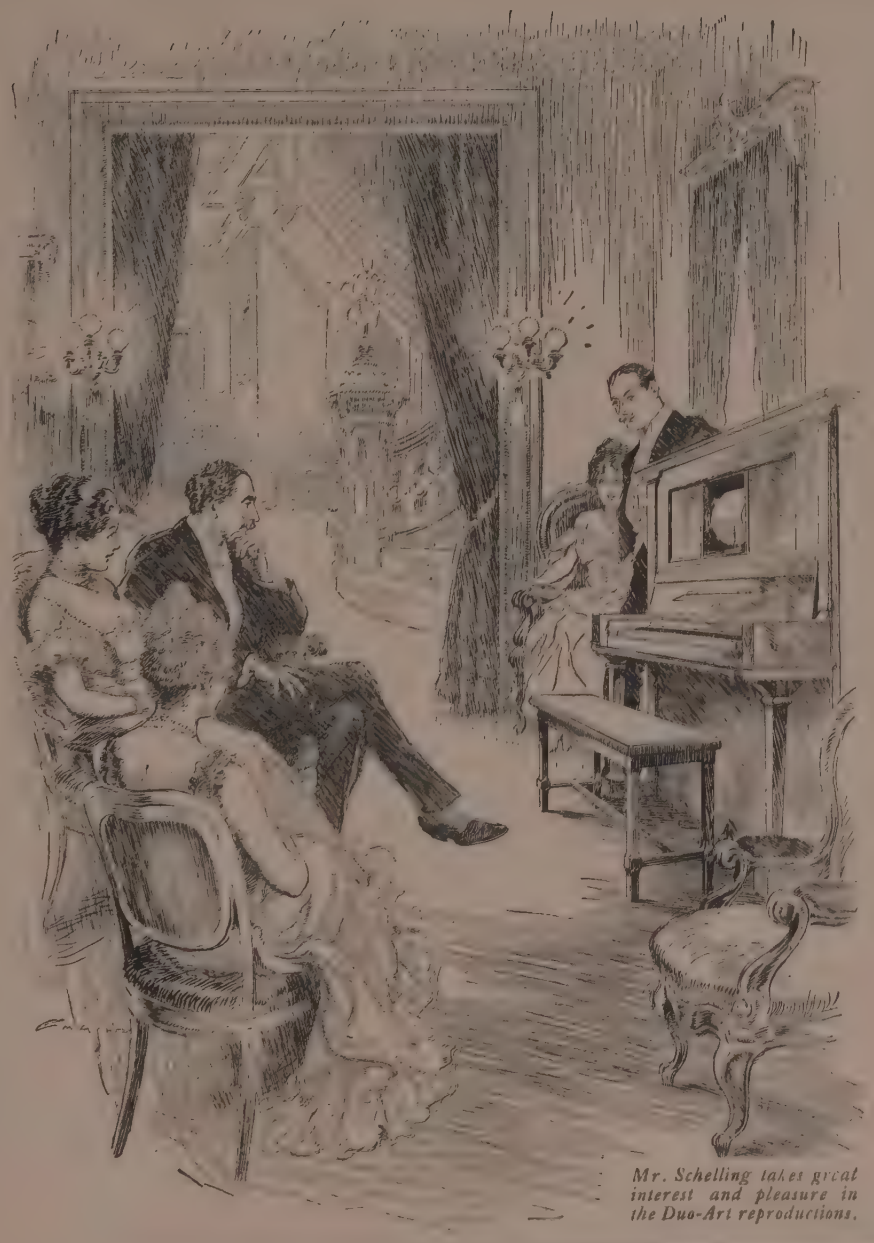
"Take my records of the Liszt Sonata—a composition which makes the utmost demands upon interpretative art, which calls forth the last resources of expression. Yet in developing my interpretation of this work of such trying proportions the Duo-Art did not fail me. It gave in generous measure. And its reproduction of the work is practically as personal an interpretation as if I myself were at the piano.

"I am highly enthusiastic about the Duo-Art Pianola. I feel that as soon as the public knows the instrument as we pianists know it, the art of the piano will be made universally available, it will become of interest to the entire public, not merely to a restricted class as now.

"The Duo-Art is a fine piano, a player-piano of extraordinary artistic worth, a wonderful reproducing piano—a composite instrument in fact which provides in the home every phase of pianism."

*Having read this interview in print, I find it a correct report of my statement.*

Ernest Schelling



*Mr. Schelling takes great interest and pleasure in the Duo-Art reproductions.*

# THE DUO-ART PIANOLA

TO hear in one's own home the music of the pianoforte, played by the greatest pianists of the day, is a privilege that few have ever enjoyed. But this wonderful privilege may now be yours — through the Duo-Art Pianola. This remarkable new instrument, actuated by the Duo-Art music rolls, which are accurate records of the great artists' playing, reproduces the interpretations by these famous musicians so perfectly that it is like hearing them play in person.

And, too, you may play the Duo-Art yourself when you desire. It is the most perfect model of The Pianola —plays any standard, 88-note music-roll. It is also a perfect pianoforte of the conventional type, a Steinway, Steck, Stroud or famous Weber. Prices from $750. A descriptive booklet and name of our nearest representative sent upon request. *Address Dept. T10.*

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Announce a presentation of distinctive modes in Danse and Theatre Frocks for women and the "jeune fille" —

# BROUGHT OVER ON THE STEAMER

AS Mrs. Langtry says, Paris still leads in the matter of fashioning furs. And the marvelous shawl-like cloak of ermine that has just been brought over for a big Fifth Avenue shop is a proof of this.

Every bit of the cloak proclaims French workmanship — from the gracefully intricate burnoose structure and the artistry with which the skins are put together to make it, to the lining of sunflower yellow satin, faced with a silver and gold metal brocade and divided by a broad black velvet ribbon laid flat. It is a garment of which one would never tire.

ANOTHER beautiful coat — but entirely suitable for day as well as evening wear—is one of mole in a fifty-inch length, trimmed with Hudson Seal, the mole skins running in different directions which gives, in certain lights, a peculiarly beautiful irridescent sheen to the fur. The collar is of the seal in the form of a small scarf, one end of which slips through a large buttonhole in the other. When open the scarf lies on the shoulder like a broad flat collar. I defy any woman not to look absolutely stunning in this cloak!

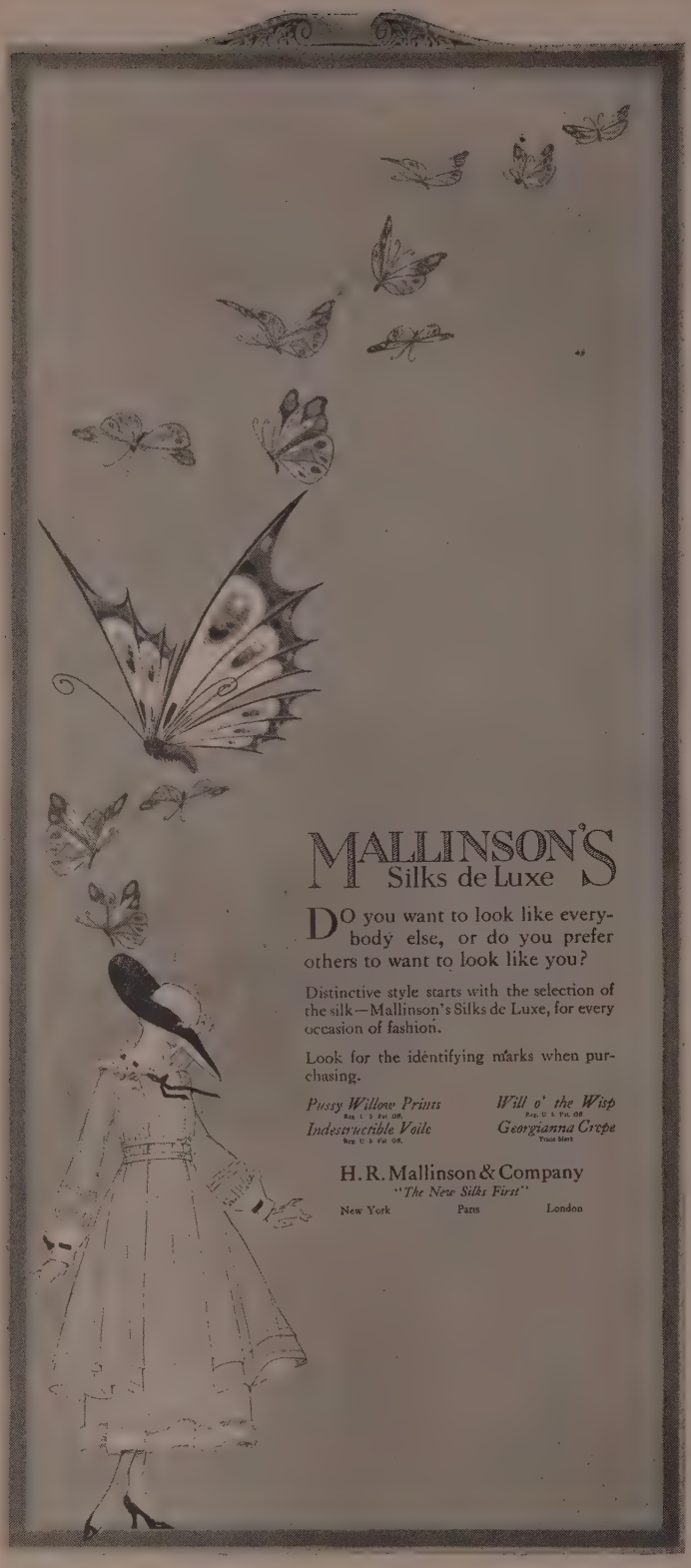
With beauty, naturalness and wide dramatic experience as assets, Marjorie Rambeau has forged her way quickly to the front of the stage. The fine authority with which she plays the leading role in "Cheating Cheaters" quite justifies her previous good work in "Sadie Love" and "So Much For So Much." Miss Rambeau is wearing one of the New Knox Fall Models.

# KNOX

## MILLINERY

**FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTIETH ST.**

© Ira L. Hill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Walton, of course," whispered Mrs. Lewisohn just loudly enough to reach my ear.

And indeed it was one of Miss Walton's frocks which quite obviously was the inspiration of Lady Colebrooks.

Mrs. Perry Belmont finds time to run into town from Newport quite frequently in the cause of the wounded soldiers of the Allies for whom she is diligently working every day. I saw Mrs. Belmont chatting with Lady Elliot of the British War Relief Association a few days ago, and noticed the wonderful chic of her early Autumn gown which looked adorably Callot in lines and fabric.

A very soft blue satin was the material chosen by Mrs. Belmont, and a long sporty blouse was girdled quite closely about the waist line with a sash of mustard color in the same supple satin. The sash broke a solid mass of embroidery in blue, jet and mustard color that covered the blouse from bust to hip, and was repeated on the ends of the sash.

A mustard colored collar and cuffs of plain satin finished the blouse and the very full short skirt was faced with the yellow which just showed at the hem. One of the new "Berri" hats of blue felt with a bunch of yellow currants tucked under the folds at one side gave even more chic to this charming costume.

Nobody is wearing gloves this Fall, and as the furriers all predict a Winter of muffs scarcely large enough to cover the fingers, it seems quite reasonable to suppose that the ultra long sleeves that mark the latest creations in street frocks have come to stay.

At a recent Fashion Show at the Ritz Carlton, I saw, amid a maze of dressmakers, milliners and professional fashion hunters, young Mrs. Jay Gould, who, since she is a daughter of Hubert Vos, the noted painter, is supposed to wear picture frocks designed by her eminent father. Mrs. Gould was as deeply engrossed in the panorama of styles as was the noted man dressmaker whom I caught making a surreptitious sketch of her costumes on his program.

And indeed this frock was so well-worth sketching, that I regretted having left my pencil and paper behind. Her dress was a chiffon cloth of the exact tone of taupe repeated in the mole skin with which it was combined. It showed the newest autumnal effect in coats which was lined with a bright mustard soirée, giving the thin material an indescribable tone of warmth.

Flat bands of mole skin circled the closely side plaited back and front of the coat which had quite enormous pockets of the fur. The feature of the skirt was an upturned flounce of moleskin quite six inches deep laid flat at the foot and rippling oddly at the top just showing touches of the mustard lining.

A mustard colored parasol with a charmingly carved handle of old ivory, and a Tam-o'-shanter of mustard color mounted on a rough straw brim completed the color scheme.

A Fifth Avenue modiste, whom I saw at the same fashion show, told me that moleskin promised to be a feature of the Winter garniture. Moleskin sleeves, collar, cuffs and even whole bodices of the pliable fur will appear on in-door dresses of thin materials and deep flounces of mole will be much in favor on serge, wool and silk frocks.

An interesting blouse worn by Blanche Ring at a recent luncheon was of white chiffon over silver tissue with a deep sailor collar of mole and narrow bands of fur instead of the inevitable cuffs, as a finish for the sleeve.

Mrs. Whitman, wife of the Governor of New York, has an exquisite taste in the matter of dress and her costumes, well chosen for every event, reflect the best in the prevailing mode and hint at the coming fashion. The latter prophetic trait characterized the gown in which I saw the Governor's lady lunching with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont one cool day of early September.

Bronze-brown serge was chosen by Mrs. Whitman for her costume which showed a deep border at the hem of the full short skirt, of wool embroidery in tones of bronze, leaf brown and forest green. A triple cape showing the three colors was the smart garniture of the coat. The lower cape of green showed a border of bronze brown embroidery and the top cape which was really little more than a rounded collar was quite solidly worked in the three colors.

A very narrow line of embroidery was to be seen at the edge of the leaf brown linings of the coat, and very large pockets on the skirt were also covered with the wool work. A small brown toque looking quite like a fretful porcupine was stuck with nine quills of bronze and green.

All Newport was very smartly dressed at Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's exhibition of art, which ushered in the closing weeks of the season.

Mrs. Vincent Astor, who insists that she finds fashions a bore, nevertheless contrives to show the last idea in frills whenever she appears in public, was almost as much admired at the show as Mrs. Whitney's celebrated statuary group "Paganism Immortal." Mrs. Astor wore a charming afternoon toilette of heavy pearl colored faille, with kolinski accessories.

The fur was employed as a border all around the Russian blouse, and as a belt with long tabs tying at the waist and falling, tipped with immense pom-poms to the knee. The deep tucks in which the full round skirt was laid at three-inch intervals from hem to the edge of the blouse, were defined by narrow fringe-like rows of kolinski.

*Ideal Tall Slender* | *Ideal Short Slender* | *Ideal Tall Heavy* | *Ideal Short Heavy* | *Ideal Large Above Waist* | *Ideal Large Below Waist* | *Ideal Short Waisted* | *Ideal Arched Back* | *Ideal Average*

# *Laughing-Smiling-Cheerful Enid Markey*

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requires special models of Batiste and Broche materials. Rounded hips—the gradual improvement of the waist line, the appearance of fullness at bust line—effect of shorter waist in tall figures, and longer waist in short figures—an extremely graceful side silhouette—a supported abdomen—and no pressure on the body *anywhere*, are the immediate results accomplished by a Gossard for these two types.

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Special Gossard models have been designed for these figures. They reduce hip lines from 2 to 6 inches—support full abdomens and reduce them—reduce flesh at diaphragm—confine weight at shoulders and upper back—give decided curve at waist line—confine weight at lower back. Models never ride up on the body and comfort is always assured. With elastic sections at side and back—elastics placed to assist confining thighs and upper limbs—give perfectly flat back line—give appearance of greatly reduced weight.

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*Ideal Large Below Waist Line*

Large above waist—many models with special deep gores in front that lower bust—fullness at back to confine full shoulder blades—waist lines a trifle lower to suggest length, and soft clasps at front top. Skirts of corsets are small to give very trim effect. For large below the waist types—longer skirts are provided—stout elastic sections are used—materials are firm and beautiful—lacing extends lower so that hips are reduced, regardless of present figure lines. Wonderful results are possible in both of these types.

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Models to correct the arched back type have specially designed back—raise and reduce the abdomen—reduce lower back very perceptibly. Improper corseting with old style models is the principal cause of this figure. We improve thousands every year.

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Send for living model booklet profusely illustrated, containing a complete list of all the Gossards for your figure type.

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combines the beauty and lustre of chiffon velvet with the draping and tailoring qualities of broadcloth. It is just this fact which explains its unquestioned leadership since its introduction in 1885.

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*To make certain that you are buying Velutina, look for the name stamped on the selvage.*


# WE MUST HAVE SUITS

ONE-PIECE frocks and separate coats may come and go, but suits go on forever. Some of us need suits all of the time and all of us need suits some of the time, so all of the stores stand ready with some kind of suit all of the time. Your only problem is to find the suit that is meant for you, that is going to serve your purposes. Here are four stunning ones to aid you in selecting.

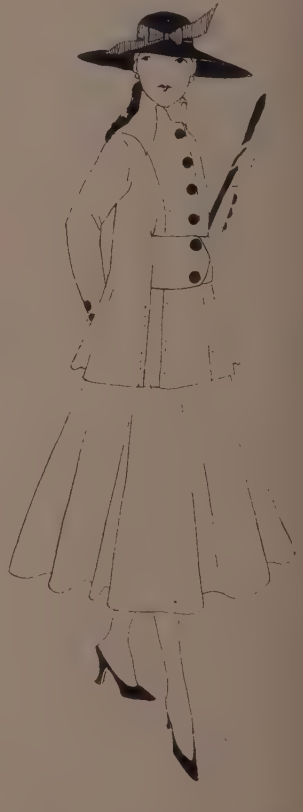
*A dark green broadcloth with beaver collar, and delightful lining (linings are a distinct feature of the new season) of dark green pussy-willow, flowered in bright green leaves and yellow chrysanthemums.*

Do you like a "dressy" suit? How about the broadcloth of dark green (or you may have it in any shade) in the upper corner, with the new long-skirted coat, beaver collar and delightful lining of dark green pussy-willow, flowered in bright green ivy leaves and yellow chrysanthemums. Or will you be needing a suit a little more strictly tailored? We suggest the dark brown (or green, or purple, it comes in all three) and white check of soft material and tone, with Hudson seal on collars and cuffs. Its box-plaited coat is held in slightly at the waist by a double belt and it, too, has a delightful lining—of blue and green Chinese motifs on white silk.

Great attention is being paid to linings this season. Even in the dark brown wool velour (shown on this page), built to stand steady wear, the lining of the little tight-fitting jacket is of tan brocade satin. Not that the suit isn't of the smartest cut for all its simplicity and practicality, to which four tortoise-shell buttons add the complimentary touch.

For all-around wear there is the suit of wood-brown mixture in the lower corner, of a material that does not wrinkle easily. The skirt of it is simple, rather long, slightly flaring from the hips, with V-shaped pieces in the back buttoning across to form a shallow yoke. The coat has an inserted piece of Hudson seal on the collar.

It's rather amusing what can be done with a suit, by the way, especially in New York City, where the exigencies of the traveling woman are recognized and allowed for. You may take a suit almost anywhere in the city, short of the opera—it has been seen at times even in the orchestra seats, but that's really going a bit strong—and feel perfectly comfortable. Provided always that you have taken pains to choose a smart one in the first place. It may be a severely tailored suit, or a dressy one, whichever way your individual taste inclines. You are "passed" as long as you are of the mode.



*All-around suit of wood-brown mixture, with Hudson seal, one of the season's most popular fur trimmings, on the broad collar. The skirt flares slightly from the hips and has a shallow yoke in the back made of V-shaped pieces.*

HOW charming Miss Carrie Reynolds, starring in the farce success, "The Blue Envelope" looks in her new Heatherbloom Petticoat, designed by Henri Bendel.
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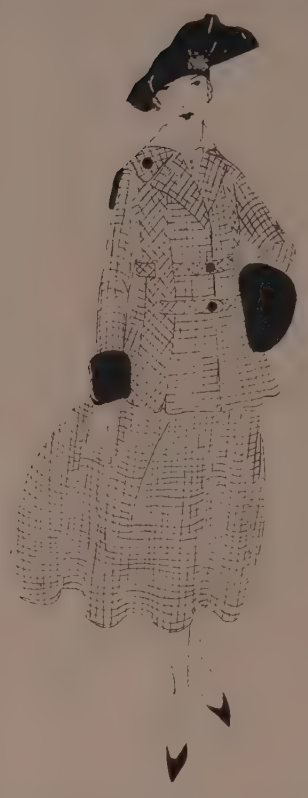
# DID YOU KNOW THAT—



*An unusually charming suit of a soft material which comes in brown, purple or green check with white. Hudson seal bands the collar and cuffs of the box-plaited coat, which is held in slightly at the waist by a double belt.*

MADAME ROSE, the well-known designer, is accomplishing such wonderful results with the remodelling of *passé* gowns. One of our clever actresses came to us the other day all enthusiasm over the restoration that had been achieved for her with some last year's frocks which she had discarded as hopeless.

Thrift has taken hold of the wealthy, it seems. They are now interested in planning just how far a stated sum will go. To that end clever women are seeking out and consulting Madame Rose, bringing her frocks that are *démodé*, or a bit wilted in appearance, but whose materials are still too good to throw away. Madame Rose puts her quick brain to work on the problems, gives the gowns first-aid treatment, pulling apart here, adding something there, and ultimately transforms them into the newest creations. We are told that not infrequently after they have left Madame Rose's hands they outrival the original gowns in freshness and charm.

The style pendulum is swinging back once more to simplicity in footwear. Odd colors, novelty textures and queer combinations have flown on the wings of Summer.

There is a subdued note about the Fall footwear. The leathers are plain, the colors limited, and only in smartness of line and finish can a shoe claim distinction.

A Fifth Avenue Bootshop, much patronized by the better dressed women of the stage, reports that button boots are regaining favor, although laced ones are still holding their own. However there are occasions when the standards of "Good-Dressing" demand the button boot as being absolutely correct.

Bootmakers will have to put their best foot forward. Simple lines must be correct in every detail, and the making of correct boots is an art.

The woolen stockings that have been worn so much through the Summer for sport are to be smart this Winter for street wear in the city with flat heeled pumps or Oxford ties.

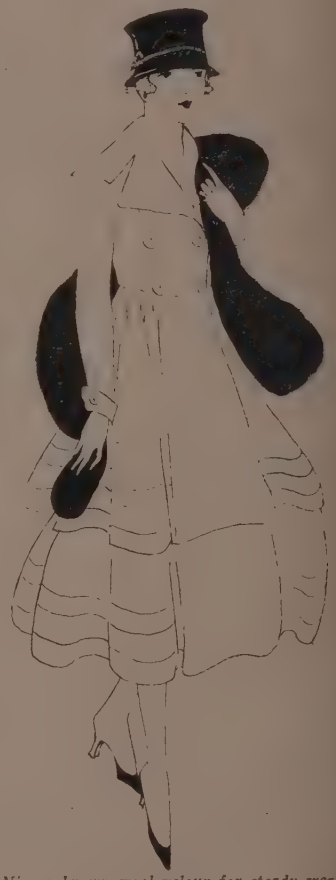
Miss Elsie Janis has been frock hunting in Paris and that after looking the French creations over very carefully she returned home in time to have all her next season's dresses made by Julie in this city.

Tappé is showing most graceful *demi-saison* costumes of soirée silk cut with a loose wrinkly basque effect, and having long sleeves garnished with many buttons.

The prevalent tucked up draperies in skirts are being placed quite two inches lower than formerly by the smartest modistes.

Lady de Bathe writes that she has bought six delirious frocks to wear in her one-act sketch this Fall. As a one-act sketch is of so short duration six trips to the theatre will probably be necessary to do full justice to each of the six frocks. The Jersey Lily is too valuable an authority on frocks to miss anything sponsored by her.

Perfumes which have been somewhat subdued for a time have taken on a new lease of life, doubtless to correspond with the general luxurious tendencies of the season.



*Nigger brown wool velour for steady wear, dependent for its smartness on its cut. The jacket is tight fitting and the skirt short and full, with bands of the same material round the bottom. Four tortoise-shell buttons "add a touch."*

J.M.GIDDING & CO.
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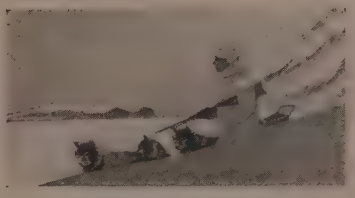

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**Anna Held**

This world-renowned artist of the stage, with her expert knowledge of what a corset must be to produce a figure of surpassing beauty as well as the incomparable in style of women's dress and absolute comfort withal, said of

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after proving their superiority by actual wear:

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## "COAT TALES"

*A scarf deserving particular notice is of Panama Repp, a new silk ribbed material.*

THE discriminating and particular man who follows the styles judiciously and is quick to avail himself of whatever additional personableness they may give his appearance (realizing always the business asset of being well-dressed) is going to be very much pleased with the tendencies of the season.

For one thing he is being allowed much more latitude in color, at least as far as his day shirts and neckties are concerned. The new four-in-hands, particularly, come in many rich designs at a wide range of prices. The "Club" stripes are perhaps the most popular and are extraordinarily attractive. In one a crimson stripe, five inches wide, alternates with a dark blue, a quarter-inch stripe of yellow separating the colors. In another light blue and dark green stripes, or light blue and purple alternate. The colors in each have been so harmonized as to be artistic and smart and not glaring. It is useless, however, to attempt to buy these ties at any but the very top-notch haberdashers. Done in cheap materials and dyes they are quite garish and impossible.

For further enhancement there are the silk shirts—which are to be more popular than ever for day wear—the sheen of the silk giving out a light, even when the shade is subdued, that makes for more color. An example of this was a silk seen in one of the best-known Fifth Avenue haberdashers, which though pink in color, "carried" better than the average pink, because of the richness and life of the material.

If one doesn't care for silk shirts there are shirts of fine Madras with soft, plaited bosoms, a particularly smart style being what is known as the "French Combination," where the body and sleeves of the shirt are of hair-line stripes in a shade to match the front which is plaited in a special manner to show a small self-figure—woven in the material. The cuffs are of the self-figured material as well.

To match the general scheme of tie and shirt are handkerchiefs in colored French linens and silks, marked with a individual cipher or monogram. And mufflers knitted or in striped plush, the latter something entirely ne wand particularly smart for motoring.

*"Cyrano," a two tab dress tie, not only simplifies the tying of ones formal cravat, but also makes it stay put after it has been satisfactorily adjusted.*

*Now that Wartime has taken the wristwatch out of the effeminate class, well-known watchmakers are turning out some very excellent ones. This timepiece is of the new "cushion" shape, made of military gold, and is secured by a leather strap. Rode movement.* $85.00.

*A shirt new in every respect adapted to full dress wear, having a light weight flexible bosom that is, however, stiff enough to stand up and retain its appearance for evening wear.*

*The "Argenta" is a new winged collar which may be worn on either formal or semi-formal occasions.*

## The return to your City Home always Suggests Changes or Improvements

AN artistic lamp, carefully chosen and rightly placed, will add more beauty and decorative value than any other single article of furnishing. The collection presented now for your inspection contains many most unusual and interesting lamps and shades, in all the lovely color blendings that only the master Chinese colorist has produced. There is an artistic lamp and shade for every room in your home.

*A lighted lamp is the most conspicuous object in a room; it should be a thing of beauty in complete harmony with its surroundings*

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CHINESE ARTS AND DECORATIONS
5 West Fifty-sixth Street, NEW YORK

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FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

## FURNITURE SIMPLICITY IN ART

That simplicity is always effective when an expression of good taste is convincingly illustrated, as in many of our new Fall and Winter Styles in Mahogany, Walnut, Lacquered and Hand-decorated Suites.

The least expensive reveals masterly lines and elegance of workmanship which lift them at once above the common-place.

So great is the diversity of design in our present exhibit one is certain to find exactly the right piece for a given place, at the right price.

ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC
RUGS AND DRAPERIES

FLINT & HORNER CO., INC.
20-26 WEST 36th STREET
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# Maillard

Chocolates
Bon Bons~French Bonbonnieres

*Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnieres (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.*

FIFTH AVENUE at 35th STREET
NEW YORK

*To Miss Pickford: We here publicly thank you for honoring us with the permission to offer the* ***first*** *Art Calendar of you, the world's most popular woman.*

## A Mary Pickford Secret

You know that she has a rare charm of youthful beauty. But do you know that she has a quality of perseverance almost unequaled in the history of the world's famous women? For example, she posed 70 times over a period of many weeks before she was satisfied that this, her ***first*** Art Calendar, showed herself and her pet, "Canary Billie," in just the best possible pose. In her motion pictures, her writings, her charities, etc., etc., she is satisfied with only the best.

Will you think us boastful if we say that we feel the same way toward Pompeian toilet preparations? We are satisfied with only the best. For example, Pompeian NIGHT Cream was tried out for 7 years before we thought it sufficiently perfected to bear the name Pompeian. By the way, Pompeian NIGHT Cream is *entirely different* from our popular Pompeian MASSAGE Cream in purpose, use and results.

**Beauty Hint** If you will acquire the habit of *nightly use* of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, *youthful beauty* will linger long in your face. Your skin will become soft and clear. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is already famous from coast to coast for its snow-whiteness, smoothness and delicacy of perfume. It also solves the complexion problem of women who motor. *Sample sent with Art Panel.* Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars 35c & 75c at the stores. An imitation will disappoint you. Refuse it if offered.

**Hair Hint** Soft, brilliant, fluffy hair will be yours if you use that delightful clear amber liquid, Pompeian HAIR Massage. It is also bringing relief to thousands troubled with unsightly and dangerous Dandruff and Scalp Itching. It will not discolor the hair. Bottles, 25c, 50c & $1 at the stores. An imitation will disappoint you. Refuse it if offered.

**Art Panel** of Miss Pickford and Pompeian NIGHT Cream sample sent for 10c. Size, 28 in. by 7 1-4. Art store value, 50c. In exquisite colors. Please clip the coupon now before you forget it.

***Cut Off, Sign and Send***

**The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 20 Prospect St., Cleveland, O**

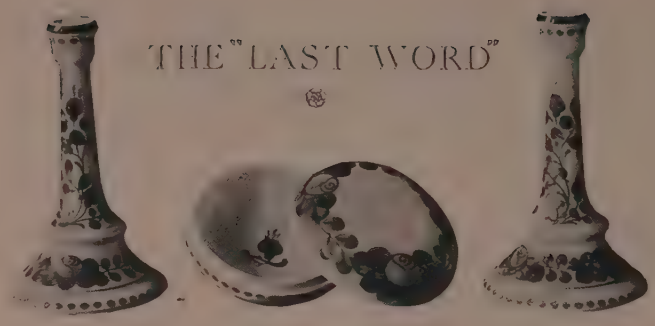
Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a Mary Pickford Art Panel and a Pompeian **NIGHT** Cream Sample. For letting me have this picture for one 10c, I will gladly speak a good word to my friends about it and Pompeian products if I like them.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....





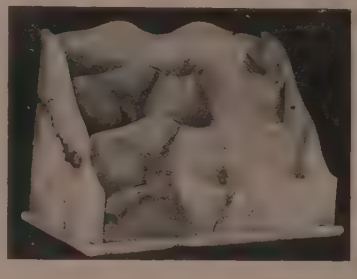

*Instead of using all ivory or the regulation silver on the dressing table, relieve it with colored porcelains, says the latest Fashion mandate. A lovely combination of candlesticks and powder-box, cream-colored ground with crimson roses and green leaves, comes for a rose or chintz hung bedroom.*


ACTRESSES long ago learned from their stage experience the power of a setting to produce an atmosphere and bring out desired effects in color and line. Instinctively they carried this knowledge away with them and applied it to all their personal surroundings and small belongings.

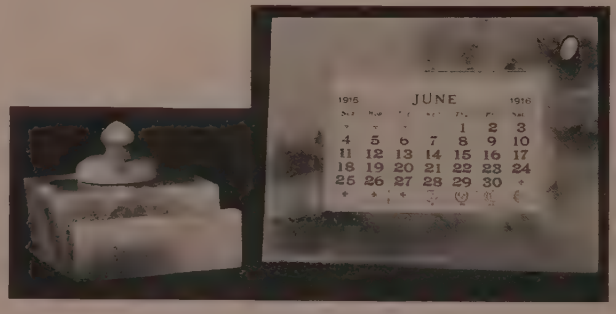
The lay world has been slower at coming to realize the value of harmonizing all the details of the mise en scène, but the shops have been doing their bit with every season to educate us. They are continually offering and perfecting and reoffering articles to this end of a harmonious whole.

Their "last word" is the colored chinas and porcelains and alabasters. No longer silver, or ivory, or tortoise-shell powder and cream boxes! If you are a "pink lady," your dressing table will have on it one large box of rose-colored porcelain for your rose-scented powder and two smaller boxes for your face creams. If you favor the color of blue or violet there will be violet-colored powder box and cream boxes. Or you can make a Bakst-like contrast by having one of the smaller boxes of a vivid translucent orange or pale green. Or still another by balancing the rose or violet boxes with an individual flower-holder of black porcelain.

In your sitting-room your desk will be furnished with an alabaster desk set. Alabaster always has a ruinously expensive sound—more power to it—but a certain Fifth Avenue shop that makes a specialty of these sets is able to offer them at very moderate prices. You may have different combinations of inkstand, calender, letter-rack, photograph frame or corners for the blotting pad, in pale blue alabaster, in an exquisite shade of pink, in a deep orange yellow, or in a pale yellow. If you wish to carry your color scheme still further into other corners of the room you will add on a side table, or perhaps your tea-tray, for chance callers, a small alabaster holder for a safety match-box (alabaster and safety-matches, a linking up of ancient and modern times, indeed!) and a pert alabaster ash-saucer. These will, naturally, match the tone of your desk set. Charming little presents these combinations of alabaster match holder and ash-saucer should make.



In the same shop where I saw the alabaster sets was another engaging trick, to be used as a centerpiece or merely as an ornament—Dresden china baskets filled with delicately wrought china rosebuds amidst their green leaves, each standing up merrily on its green stem.




***Your sitting-room desk should be furnished with an alabaster set of which the letter-rack, inkstand, and calendar are shown here—in a lovely shade of deep, almost orange, yellow. The shop that makes a point of offering these sets at a reasonable price have other alabaster desk fittings and in colors of pale yellow, pink, and blue.***


## The Masquerade

The smooth underarm of the Décolleté toilette is conveniently acquired by the use of

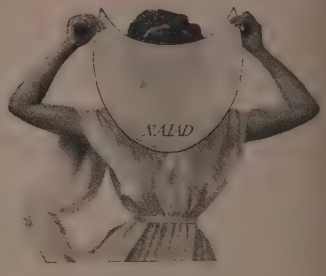
## *Evans's Depilatory*

—a soft powder; removes objectionable hair *temporarily*. There is no safe way to remove hair *permanently*. Applied occasionally, it keeps the skin entirely free.

50c for outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. At drug and department stores or from us by mail—please send us your dealer's name and address. Money back if you want it.

George B. Evans
1106 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa.
*Makers of "Mum"*

**"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"**




## Naiad Dress Shields

**add the final assurance of cleanliness**

**FREE FROM RUBBER**

The Naiad Dress Shield sounds the highest note of Beauty, Quality and Cleanliness—**Absolutely free from rubber.**

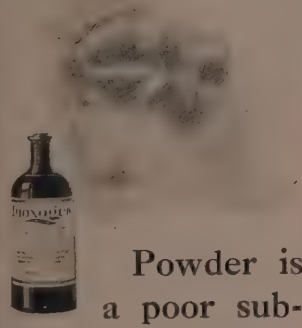
Can be **Sterilized** in boiling water and pressed with heated iron. All styles and sizes to fit every requirement.

Regular, Full Dress, Shirt Waist are made in flesh color. Guarantee with every pair.

**At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c.**

**Naiad Waterproof Sheeting for the nursery and hospital**

**THE C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs.**
**101 Franklin Street, New York**



Powder is a poor substitute for a clean white skin.

IN fact it only accentuates the blemishes of an imperfect complexion.

**Dioxogen**

is not only a healing, purifying agent for tired, over-medicated skins, but an efficient, harmless bleach. It is free from acetanilid and other poisonous substances which often do more harm to the skin than their bleaching properties do good.

Dioxogen earns its place on your dressing table because it is unsurpassed in efficiency and absolutely harmless.

OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.

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# A Woman's Sixth Sense is—Dress

Part of that sixth—if she personally shops in New York—is buying her gowns at Maxon's. If you have a model size figure—if you are particular in dress and seek to win the admiration of your friends—if you do not know of the charm and advantages of our model gowns, for style as well as economy, it is well worth while to visit us. It's a little out of the shopping districts but your effort will not be regretted.

Hundreds of the best dressed women in New York owe the success of their toilettes to our modest shop. No two of our gowns are alike—all are originals. Your best friend cannot buy the duplicate.

*We offer you the choicest garments which were shown on forms to display the latest Parisienne modes, for the importers and leading American dressmakers.*

**Street, Afternoon or Evening Wear**

**Prices range $20 up**

**Two Gowns for the usual Price of One**

*Call and see these frocks for yourself—even try them on. You are never urged to buy.*

## Maxon - Model Gowns

ESTAB. 1899 1587 BROADWAY at 48th ST. NEW YORK.

## A Womanly Way

**To remove hair is to use**

***EL RADO***

***A Sanitary, Colorless Liquid***

El Rado is a toilet preparation that practically washes the hair off by dissolving it in a few moments, without harming the skin, increasing or coarsening later growth.

The time required depends entirely upon the quantity and quality of the hair—usually only a few moments—upon applying absorbent cotton saturated with the liquid. The hair droops lifeless from the surface only, *proving that El Rado is harmless.*

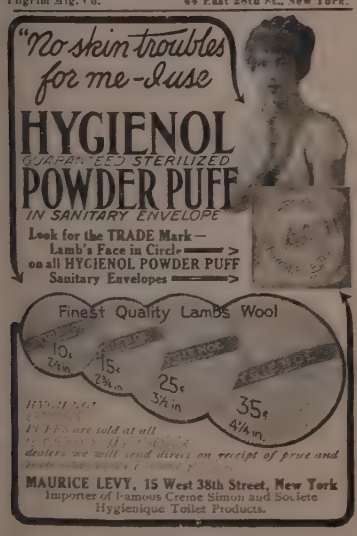
Sheer blouses, sleeveless frocks may be worn with perfect ease, and the comfort and cleanliness of hair-free under arms will be appreciated by every woman.

***Money-back guarantee***

**At all toilet counters. 50c. and $1.**

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail if you write, enclosing stamps or coin.

Pilgrim Mfg. Co. 44 East 28th St., New York.


"No skin troubles for me-I use
HYGIENOL
GUARANTEED STERILIZED
POWDER PUFF
IN SANITARY ENVELOPE
Look for the TRADE Mark—
Lamb's Face in Circle
on all HYGIENOL POWDER PUFF
Sanitary Envelopes
Finest Quality Lambs Wool
10¢ 2¼ in.
15¢ 2¾ in.
25¢ 3½ in.
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HYGIENOL PUFFS are sold at all
dealers we will send direct on receipt of price and
MAURICE LEVY, 15 West 38th Street, New York
Importer of famous Creme Simon and Societe
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PONTINE

Fashion's newest, most distinctive creation for Autumn outerwear.

One side is rich silk or satin, the reverse—in delightfully contrasting hue—is leather-like.

Pontine inspires an endless variety of style originalities.

Bewitching in coats, wraps and hats for motor, street and sport wear.

At the best shops, *of course!*

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**Pontine Sales Department**

**120 Broadway New York**

## Pure Honey is Healthful

## Use it Freely

**Give it to the Children all the time**

Send **one dollar** for a **five** pound can of **Pure White Clover Honey.** (All charges paid within 150 miles of New York. Elsewhere 20 cents extra).

**ERNEST G. PETERKIN**

**Chappaqua, N. Y.**

## Beauty and Autumn

THE woman, who has paid her toll to summer, and now dreads the further tax of Autumn's winds and frosts, brings her complexion troubles to Mme. Helena Rubinstein, and fears no longer either wind or weather. The whole world recognizes her as the great authority on Beauty restoration and Beauty cultivation.

Mme. Rubinstein's beauty treatments will restore the attractiveness of your skin,—its whiteness, smoothness, softness and clarity; in fact your face, under her advice, will be all you could wish for the coming social season.

At her Maison de Beauté Valaze at 15 East 49th Street, New York, as at her Paris and London establishments, under the care of her trained assistants, wrinkles and crowsfeet vanish; coarse skin, double chin, loose tissue and relaxed muscles; puffiness under the eyes, blackheads, enlarged pores, weather-beaten appearance and other imperfections of the complexion give way to charm and sweetness of aspect.

For home treatment Madame Rubinstein recommends the following

**VALAZE SPECIALTIES**

**VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD**

Restores smoothness and daintiness of texture, removes the fine lines, tightens the skin and gives a wholesome tone, thus freeing the skin from threatening lines and wrinkles.

VALAZE will *make* your skin clear and attractive and VALAZE will *keep* your skin clear and attractive.

VALAZE is the foundation—the essential of a beautiful complexion. Price $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00 a jar

**VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION**

This delightful skin tonic should be used in combination with Valaze for better and more rapid results. It whitens and tones the skin, and *does* contract pores. Price, $1.25, $2.25 and $3.50 a bottle.

For dry skin the "Special" is used. Price, $2.00 and $4.00.

**VALAZE LIQUIDINE**

Overcomes open pores and oiliness of the skin, and makes a healthy, soft neck and face. Cooling and refreshing, and gives a "mat" appearance. Price, $1.5 and $2.75 a bottle.

**VALAZE BLACKHEAD & OPEN PORE PASTE**

Used instead of soap for greasy, oily skins; refines coarse skin, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Price, $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00.

**VALAZE ROMAN JELLY**

An astringent balm to consolidate loose and pulpy tissues, and thereby preserve the youthfulness and contour of the face and throat. Price, $1.50 and $3.00.

**VALAZE EYELASH GROWER**

Stimulating eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth, and darkens them at the same time. Price, $1.50.

**VALAZE HAIR REMOVER**

Quickly and efficiently removes hair from arms or face; perfectly reliable and effective. Price, $2.00.

**VALAZE BALM ROSE**

Unequalled as an anti-wrinkle preparation and a foundation for powder. Prevents chapping and shrivelling due to dry winds or sun. Price, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

**FACE POWDERS**

**Valaze Complexion Powder** for normal and greasy skins; **Novena Poudre** for dry skins. Price, $1.00 $2.50 and $4.50 a box.

Madame Rubinstein's celebrated booklet, "Beauty in the Making" will be forwarded on receipt of 2 cents postage

**MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN**

**15 East 49th St., New York City**

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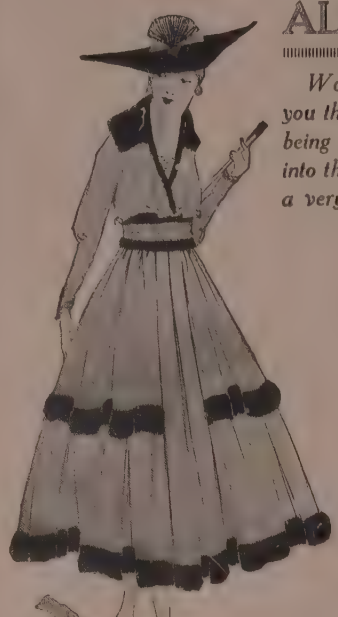
# MME. ROSE

(INC.)

## *Gowns Reconstructed*

AND MADE TO ORDER

## ALMOST MAGIC



*Would you be interested if we told you that your old gowns discarded as being worthless, could be remodeled into the very newest Fall creations, at a very modest price?*

THAT IS JUST WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU. THE VOLUME OF OUR BUSINESS TESTIFIES TO AN INCREASING NUMBER OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS WHOSE RECOMMENDATIONS TO THEIR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT. LET US PROVE TO YOU WHAT WE CAN DO.

Thirty years in the making and reconstructing of gowns has placed us in a class by ourselves. Our prices are within your means. Send us your old gowns—we will look them over carefully and give you prices and full particulars by return mail. If our prices do not meet with your approval, we will gladly return the gowns to you prepaid.

**13 West 39th Street, New York**

*Telephone Bryant 2771*

## 14 KT. SOLID GOLD

**Convertible**

**BRACELET WATCH**

**$23** *With Hand-Carved Case* **$27**

A charmingly dainty watch, about the size of a five-cent piece. 15 Jewel movement. Adjusted. Fully Guaranteed.

*Our regular value $35*

### REMOUNT YOUR DIAMOND

We will furnish an all platinum mounting for your solitaire, supply four small diamonds for the sides, doing the entire work in our own shop, for the small cost of

### PLATINUM TOP GUARD RINGS

Set with Four Pure White Diamonds and Three Genuine Sapphires

*Our Regular Value $35* **$20**

The same Mounting may be had set with Seven Pure White Diamonds ..... **$35**

### YOU MAY SAFELY BUY BY MAIL

Every article we sell is with the distinct understanding that it may be returned upon receipt if it does not measure up to your idea of value, or if for any reason, or no reason you change your mind about it. **Safe Delivery Guaranteed.**

## ARNOLD & CO.

**JEWELERS**

Established 1890

**448 Fifth Avenue, near 39th Street**

*Special Values in Pure White, Perfect Diamonds*


## THE AUTHOR AT REHEARSAL

*(Continued from page 198)*

bit of 'business' that me and Miss Blank and Mr. Fromingham asks you to, or there wont be no show. Do you get me?"

The author grows pale. "Now look here, Mr. Forsham," he says in a conciliatory tone, "we can't afford to fight over these things. I'm a reasonable human being (and, as an after thought) so are you. I'm willing to work my fingers off to make the play right, but if you'll only let me tell the players what I have in mind in such and such speeches, I'm sure you'll see I'm right. You are bound to agree with me that my speeches will sound more natural and get over strong."

"Say, you can't dictate to me, young fellow. I was putting on plays when you was taking nourishment through a rubber tube. Anyway, you needn't hang around here if you're bored. You leave it to me, sonny. Just get down there in the orchestra and watch your uncle make the wheels go round. All I want of you is to make some notes of the big new stuff I put in. See?"

"But Mr. Forsham," expostulates the author, "I've got some say in this production. I'm as anxious for its success as you are."

"Beat it!" murmurs Mr. Forsham. He turns his back on the author and faces the company; most of them have not paid the slightest attention to the wrangle. They have seen and heard it all before—many times. Ye Gods! these new playwrights! From the depths of the right entrance a voice inquires:

"Will somebody please say why I am here? I don't want to intrude on a friendly talk between two busy gentlemen, but if it's a vawd-veel turn I've come down for and not a rehearsal, I'll take my doll rags and go back home."

It is the star. She is ironic under her hair bleach. Before anyone can answer her, she is saying:

"When the labor riot is over I'll have a word with you, Mr. Forsham. I want to tell you how tickled my husband will be to know how beautifully the show is getting on—not."

"That's all right, Miss Blank," consoles the producer, "you know I'm not to blame for the delay." He catches a glimpse of the author climbing over a pile of lumber on his way to the stage-door. "Don't hurry back, bo. We'll squeeze along somehow if you shouldn't return." He laughs satanically and lights a cigarette. He claps his hands for the attention of the company. "Now ladies and gents, let's get on with the act. Miss Peachbloom begin with your entrance through the conservatory. Now then, you slide in, look around the room like a lost child and say very softly to yourself: 'God, how lonely it is in here to-night without him.' Ready? Shoot."

Miss Peachbloom picks her dainty way around an Eiffel Tower of stacked kitchen chairs, doing duty as the glass wall of the conservatory, and shifting her chewing gum screams like one who is calling for help from the top of a blazing tenement. "Gawd! Howlonelyitisinheretonightwithoutim."

Across the street the author is closeted with the great manager who hears him through. It is an ancient complaint, and when the writing man has finished his tirade the manager says, sweetly.

"I'm sorry you and Mr. Forsham can't get along together. Maybe you'd better take a run into the country and rest up before the opening."

"But"—begins the playwright.

"The show is entirely in Mr. Forsham's hands," cuts in the manager. "I rely absolutely on his judgment. Good day."

## PROSPERITY VERSUS ART

*(Continued from page 191)*

Augustin Daly loved his vocation, not primarily because the business of producing plays might enrich him, but because the atmosphere of the playhouse, with its constant association with clever men and women actors, authors, critics, was congenial to him. He conducted his theatre as an art, not as a business.

Managers of his calibre were men who by training, education and intellectual breadth were likely to give dignity and authority to their stage productions. The force and charm of strong, interesting personalities imparted distinction to the theatres over which they ruled. Only the best in plays and acting that the period could produce was likely to be seen on their boards. Mediocrity was never present. It simply did not exist. They were men capable of judging quickly the possibilities of a play, competent to sense its human significance because their own culture and range of life was broad. They did not consider so much the money making possibilities of a new play so much as its literary and ethical value.

Art still had the upper hand of Commercialism.

To-day—where are we? In the throes of Getrichquickitis, in the sensuous clutch of ragtime, in the vacuity of musical comedy. Our dear public—the public that pays—that arrives late at the theatre and talks all through the show—turns up its nose at an exquisite play like "Prunella" and goes into ecstasies over the "Follies."

How long, O, Lord, How Long!

## CONDUCTED BY—

*(Continued from page 200)*

John McGhie, the conductor of Arthur Hammerstein's operetta "Katinka," has directed choral unions and symphony orchestras in Glasgow and London, as well as English grand opera in this country.

Max Hirschfeld, now conducting the orchestra of Miss Marbury's production of "Very Good Eddie" is a musician with a long record of achievement. For twelve years he was with the Victor Herbert orchestra, conducting Victor Herbert's light operas, later under the management of Walter Damrosch, and for a number of years with Henry W. Savage in Boston.

George M. Cohan is supposed to have a peculiar knack for recognizing genius, and it is no doubt due to this fact that for fifteen years he has retained the services of Mr. Charles J. Gebest as musical director. The latter is at present conducting the orchestra of the "Cohan Revue" at the Astor Theatre.

Over at the Hippodrome presides Mr. Raymond Hubbell, an excellent conductor as well as the composer of the music there.

The production of "Sybil" with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, and Joseph Cawthorne—the sublime trio—at the Liberty Theatre, is conducted by an unassuming gentleman by the name of Harold Vicars. Mr Vicars has, like many of his confrères, conducted grand opera, having been for a number of years the musical director with George Edwards at Daly's Theatre, London.

When Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree put on his memorable production of "Henry VIII" at the Amsterdam Theatre, he solicited the services of the best musical conductor he could find, to lead the large orchestra. Mr. Anton Heindl was engaged for the job, and no one has seemed to regret the choice.

Probably the dean of the profession at present is Mr. Selli Simonson, who recently conducted at the revival of "Pinafore" at the Hippodrome and with the picture play "Cabiria" at the Knickerbocker.

DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face, Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

*Druggists sell Delatone; or an origina. one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by*

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY
339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. CR., Chicago, Illinois



LL unwelcome hairs - on arms or face re- ed instantly with one lication of this famous ration. In Paris and New , famous beauties have used past 75 years, with approval ysicians and dermatologists. c. 50c and $1. But refuse , dangerous substitutes.

-BAZIN
PILATORY POWDER

If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to
HALL & RUCKEL
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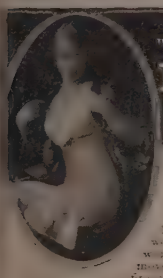

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## Queries Answered

*The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.*

E. F., Bloomfield, N. J.—Q.—Where can I obtain a position as a moving picture actress?

A.—We would advise you to apply to the film companies direct—Vitagraph Co., Biograph Co., Pathé Frères, Famous Players Film Co., Jesse L. Lasky Co., etc.

Violet, Buckeye Lake, O.—Q.—What rôles did the following artists play in "Hands Up"—Irene Franklin, Mme. Ganna Walska, Fay Compton, Fannie Brice, Florence Walton, Maurice, Alice Dovey, Laure de Frece, Lew Brice, Ralph Herz, Bobby North, Donald MacDonald, Artie Mehlinger, Emilie Lee, Burton Green and Harry Connor?

A.—In the production of "Hands Up" at the 44th Street Theatre, New York, on July 22, 1915, Irene Franklin appeared as Violet Lavender, Florence Walton as La Belle Claire, Maurice as Waltz King, Alice Dovey as Helen Fudge, Ralph Herz as Fake Kennedy, Bobby North as Simp Watson, Donald MacDonald as Harry Lightfoot, Artie Mehlinger as Percy Bonehead, Emilie Lea as Mlle. Marcelle, and Burton Green as Mr. Need-in-Time. The other players you mention were not in the cast.

Y. C. H., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Can you give me the cast or principals of "Leah Kleschna," presented about ten or twelve years ago?

A.—"Leah Kleschna" was produced at the Manhattan Theatre on December 12, 1905, with the following cast: Paul Sylvaine, John Mason; Kleschna, Charles Cartwright; Schram, William B. Mack; General Berton, Eward Donnelly; Raoul Berton, George Arliss; Valentin Favre, Etienne Girardot; Herr Linden, Robert V. Ferguson; Leah Kleschna, Mrs. Fiske; Madame Berton, Cecilia Radclyffe; Claire Berton, Emily Stevens; Sophie Chaponniere, Frances Welstead; Frieda, Marie Fedor; Charlotte, Mary Maddern.

S. F., Cincinnati, O.,—Q.—Is little Vivian Tobin still playing the lead in "Alice in Wonderland"? 2. If not, in what and where is she playing this season? 3. Will you kindly publish some information concerning her?

A.—No. 2. She appeared recently in "Children," a vaudeville sketch. 3. Vivian Tobin made her début at the age of four and a half years as Little Lone Star with Laurette Taylor in "Yosemite." A few months later she was playing the Hungarian boy with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Kassa." She was with Orrin Johnson in "The Money Moon" in which she played a boy, and in "The Unwritten Law" with Amelia Gardner. She was one of the children in Nazimova's production of "The Doll's House." In 1914, she was the child in "The Rule of Three." She played rôles in the juvenile productions of "Pomander Walk", "Disraeli", and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at Wallack's. At twelve years of age she played the heroine in the favorite child classic "Alice in Wonderland."

M. H., New York City.—Q.—Can you refer me to any books or periodicals aside from Parker's "Who's Who in the Theatre" which contain biographical sketches of persons prominent in theatrical affairs? 2. Can you refer me to any printed matter which deals with the field of burlesque as a branch of the amusement business?

A.—"The Actor's Birthday Book" published by Moffat, Yard & Company. 2. There is a publication called "Burlesque News" published weekly at 701 Seventh Avenue, New York. The price per copy is five cents.

M. L. M., Bayside, L. I.—Q.—I am very desirous to be able to write short articles for some publication especially in the musical or art field. What I should like to do also would be to report concerts, recitals or write interviews. Can you give me some advice?

A.—The best way is to submit your article to the editor of the publication you think it will suit. Critical work of the kind you describe is usually intrusted only to writers of experience and proved ability. Beginners find difficulty in gaining a foothold. Usually the mistake is made of aiming too high at the start. Be satisfied with reportorial work and climb. It is the quickest way to success. Try some big newspaper office. That is the most practical school for beginners.

Buckeye State.—Q.—Did Ethel Barrymore go on the road in "Our Mrs. McChesney"? 2. Will you publish a picture of Mrs. Russell G. Colt with her children? 3. Have you ever published a picture of Florence Fisher who played with Otis Skinner in "The Silent Voice." What has she been doing this winter?

A.—Yes. 2. We may. 3. Yes, in our June, 1912, number in a scene from "The Typhoon." Miss Fisher was recently married and has temporarily retired from the stage.


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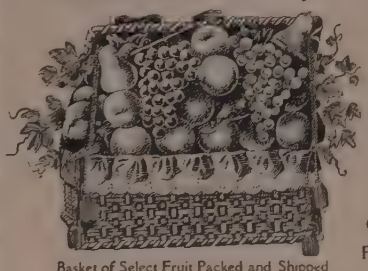

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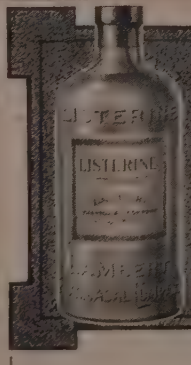

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## THE NEW PLAYS

*(Continued from page 224)*

method gave reality to Capt. Strongford. Dudley Digges and Edgar Kent were characteristically effective and Sara Biala, as an old-time flame and mother of Paganini's child, dramatically presented all the features of a blackmailing dissipated Italian woman.

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CASINO. "Flora Bella." Operetta in three acts. Book by Felix Doerman, Cosmo Hamilton and Dorothy Donnelly; music by Charles Cuvillier and Milton Schwarzwald. Produced on September 11th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ludovic | Gilbert Clayton |
| Baron Oblonsky | Mortimer Welden |
| Countess Drubetzkoy | Muriel Hudson |
| Count Weronzeff | Lawrence Grossmith |
| Princess Demidoff | Lina Abarbanell |
| Sophie | Kate Scott |
| Prince Demidoff | Chas. Purcell |
| Kosonoff | Adolph Link |
| Ludooffska | Juliette Lippe |
| Rosset, | Robt. O'Connor |

An operetta—with two librettists, two composers, two adapters, and other assistants too numerous to mention—"Flora Bella" should really be called a dancing show. The dances, over which Carl Randall has presided, form much the most successful part of the entertainment.

Nearly everybody in the cast sings better than he acts and dances better than he sings; and Grant and Wing and Hilda Biyar dance better than anybody. I don't mean that the acting doesn't measure up to the requirements of the story, except when the latter grows serious. And what is more terrible than seriousness in musical comedy?

And the music is quite sufficient unto the play. Lina Abarbanell, once a cabaret singer, has since become a princess. But she proves much too unexciting a wife for Charles Purcell. So when, at the sign of the Golden Calf, in Petrograd, he meets her supposed twin sister, a vivacious *chanteuse*, he promptly gathers her to his bosom.

And then—but, of course, you know; they aren't twins at all, but one and the same pretty-voiced, nimble-toed Lina.

And how does she let her husband know she's she? Answer: She sings him the sugary old waltz song of the gilded palace of joy unrefined, which Joseph Urban—the modern Aladdin—created for her.

All in all "Flora Bella" is good entertainment of its kind, though not another "High Jinks."

---

LONGACRE THEATRE. "Nothing But the Truth." Farcical comedy in three acts by James Montgomery, from the novel of Frederick Isham. Produced on September 14th with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Robert Bennett | William Collier |
| E. M. Ralston | Rapley Holmes |
| Richard Donnelly | Morgan Coman |
| Clarence Van Dusen | Ned A. Sparks |
| Bishop Doran | Arnold Lucy |
| Gwendolyn Halston | Margaret Brainard |
| Mrs. Ralston | Maude Turner Gordon |
| Ethel Clark | Ione Bright |
| Mable Jackson | Vivian Wessell |
| Sable Jackson | Mary Harper |
| Martha | Theresa Michelena |

The world is so full of a number of conventional lies, white and otherwise, that it is easy to imagine the amusement possibilities in the situation of a man compelled to tell the truth for twenty-four hours. And when that man is William Collier, naturally the possibilities are quadrupled. Candor forces me to admit, however, that the authors of this facile *farceur's* latest vehicle have improved the shining opportunity to a distressingly limited degree.

Mr. Collier tells the truth to much comic purpose. But the truths he tells are for the most part trivial One waits eagerly but in vain for any of them to become momentous in that cumulative way that makes for true farce. The natural result is that while the star holds the stage I am highly entertained; but when he leaves it, as he too often does, I am deeply bored. The piece is cranked up with much difficulty in Act I and keeps slipping back into first speed throughout Acts II and III.

With the exception of Vivian Wessell, as a chorus lady, Mr. Collier is the whole show. His subdued manner, his pained seriousness in trying moments, and his inimitable method of pointing his lines help to make up a performance of rare felicity. Arnold Lucy, as a bishop, and Maude Turner Gordon, as an irate wife, are often absurd, largely because the puerile story makes them so. Ned A. Sparks is obviously amusing to many, but his staccato chant and his twisted face seem to me painfully labored.

Nevertheless, it is delicious to hear Mr. Collier confess that he was once in love with Maude Adams and robbed a bank—his little brothers—of fifty cents. I was very glad he won his $10,000 bet, and I watched the swift-moving, stage-time clock as eagerly as he did for the moment to arrive when he could once more be like a gentleman. And his curtain-speech, though it contained an ominous reference to New York as a probable one-night stand, held the brightest lines of the evening.

---

HIPPODROME. "The Big Show." In three acts by R. H. Burnside; lyrics by John L. Golden; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced on August 31st.

"The Big Show" is an appropriate descriptive name for the Hippodrome's new spectacle. Bigness is a necessary characteristic of all its shows, and if one could be bigger than another this is it.

One is compelled to speak of the entertainment provided in superlatives only. The new Ice Ballet is bigger than the old one, with Charlotte more attractive than ever, and with the novelty of dances by human dolls of great variety, including Chemise Dolls, Clown Dolls, French Dolls and Jumping Dolls. We have the Lamy brothers, the fastest skaters in the world, and the very beautiful Butterfly Ballet.

In a purely artistic way, considering the work of Leon Bakst, whose scenery and costumes represent the highest qualities of modern decorative art, along with the music by Tschaikowsky, Act II with Anna Pavlowa in "The Sleeping Beauty," may be designated as the principal achievement of "The Big Show." There are masterly touches from every hand employed on this fairy tale. Volinine, as the prince, is Pavlowa's chief assistant.

The first act has eight scenes, the last one of which is the Mammoth Minstrels, four hundred of them. The opening feature after the "Street Parade" is "The Revenge of the Lions." This is a variation of the lion taming specialty, in that the usual scene of the lion taming is made a part of and a climax of a story which is introduced by the process of moving pictures. In Act I we also have a Japanese dance, along with a song, with chorus, by Haru Omuki, a Japanese singer of feminine charm, Oriental, but accomplished after a manner that is not foreign to us.

It is not such an easy matter to make such a "big show" completely satisfactory, but this one is. Mr. Dillingham has met all his promises.

---

## BOOKS RECEIVED

An Average Woman. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Antique Greek Dance. By Maurice Emmanuel. Translated by Harriet Jean Beauley. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

Representative English Plays. Edited with introductions and notes by John S. P. Tatlock and Robert G. Martin. New York: The Century Co.

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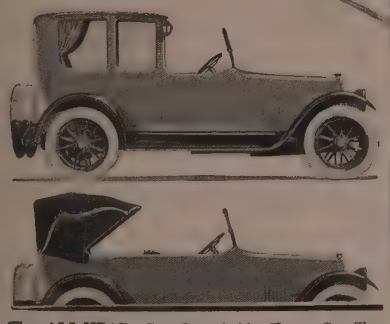

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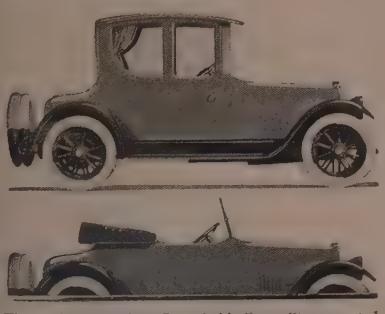

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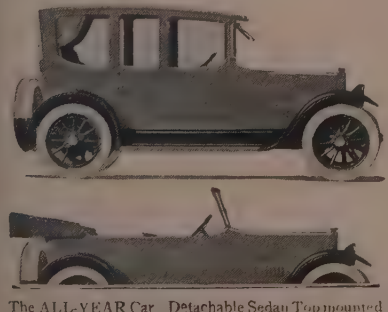

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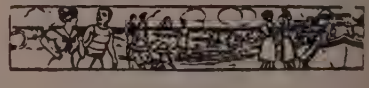

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## EXCURSIONS THROUGH AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

(*Continued from page 210*)

literary *élite*. She met them all, De Musset, Balzac, Gautier, Dumas the Younger and Gustave Claudin. Dumas the Elder fell violently in love with her as did Méry the poet. These affairs were not lasting but the fire was fierce while it burned. Dujarier, the journalist, came next and this proved the first genuine love affair of her life and of his. He was killed in a duel, leaving her his fortune. Shortly after his death she again appeared at the Porte-St.-Martin Theatre and was hissed from the stage, but took occasion before leaving to express her contempt for the audience.

Again she started on her travels and we next find her the *chère amie* of Henry LXXII of Reuss, a comic opera kingdom about the size of Staten Island. Court etiquette was very strict and Lola was continually in hot water. She slapped the Prime Minister and was forgiven, but when she walked on the flower beds of His Royal Highness he showed her the door.

And now Munich and the Great Adventure. To recount in detail the romantic story of Lola's reign as uncrowned Queen of Bavaria would fill volumes. At this time Louis I of Bavaria was sixty-one years of age. He had been a brave soldier. He was a just, kindly, liberal and able ruler of his people, a *connoisseur* and patron of the Arts. He had given to Munich many of its choicest art treasures. One would think that a man of this calibre would be the last to succumb to the wiles of an adventuress, but it was a case of love at first sight. "I know not how —I am bewitched," said the King frankly after his first interview with Lola. She appeared only twice as a dancer at the Court Theatre, and was a great success, but the King made her retire. She became his most intimate friend, councillor and adviser. Louis was a devout Catholic and was controlled by the Clerical party. They scented danger in the intimacy. He wished to make her a naturalized subject. His Ministers threatened to resign if this were done. He insisted. They resigned and Lola appointed their successors. She was naturalized and the King immediately created her Countess of Lansfeld and Baroness Rosenthal. He made her a Cannoness of the Order of St. Theresa, important estates went with the titles and feudal rights over two thousand souls. She was granted a large annuity, her picture was painted by Royal Command and hung in the Gallery of Beauties, she was absolute, her word was law.

For two years there was a contest for supremacy between Lola and the Clerical party. The public and press were her staunch friends. The German liberals hailed her as a powerful ally, but Louis was growing weary with dissension and the Clerical party finally prevailed and he signed a warrant for her exile.

After a short sojourn in Switzerland she returned to London. Here she met a young officer in the Life Guards named Heald. He proposed, was accepted and they were married at St. George's Hanover Square, July 19, 1849. A puritanical aunt of Heald's was greatly annoyed at the marriage of the youth with what she considered a political adventuress, and brought suit on August 6th to have the marriage annulled and succeeded in doing so owing to the fact that Lieut. James, the first husband, was still living. Lola and Heald went to Spain and lived a cat and dog life for a time but she finally left him.

While in Paris in 1851 she was offered a theatrical engagement in America and accepted it. She arrived in New York December 5, 1851, on the same ship as the Hungarian patriot Kossuth. She appeared in New York in a version of her own life, "Lola Montez in Bavaria," in which played herself, the *danseuse*, the Politician, the Countess, the Revolutionist and the fugitive. She also played the title rôle in "Betty the Tyrolean." She was the rage for a time and made a great deal of money but spent it as fast as she made it. After leaving New York she played most of the principal cities through the country.

In December, 1860, she was stricken with paralysis, and was taken to the Astoria Sanatorium. It is a far cry from the Royal Court of Munich to Astoria, Long Island, but here died on January 17, 1861, Lola Montez, Countess of Lansfeld, Baroness of Rosenthal and uncrowned Queen of Bavaria.

## A DUAL INTERVIEW WITH DUAL STARS

(*Continued from page 214*)

And if I came away with the right one, then I must have married the wrong one." . . . "Even though I were to decide that one is Vi and one is Tiny, I would always feel that it was the wrong one, no matter which. Every night I would ask myself, is it, or isn't it?"

As a matter of fact, the two wives have often been confused in reality. It began first of all at the wedding ceremony of Rozsika, which was an elopement, with Yansci and Harry Fox for witnesses. After the ceremony, while the little bride was putting on her coat and the magistrate had received his fee, he turned to Yansci to present her with the certificate and ask for the customary bridal kiss.

Later, when they had finished the bridal breakfast at a wayside inn, some people who were present and who had learned that it was a bridal party threw handfuls of rice at Yansci and Harry Fox, who was at that time her fiance, while the real bride and groom walked out behind chuckling with glee.

A funny incident happened the other day in their quadruple apartment uptown. The sisters were taking an afternoon siesta on the big divan when Mr. Schwartz tiptoed softly in to kiss his wife good-bye. He looked the two over rather closely, a bit perplexed at first, then cast his lot with Yansci. He bent over her, but just then she put up her hand to ward him off, laughing: "Here, cease! Kiss your own wife!"

It must be rather trying for a man to have to look at his wife closely to be sure it is she. One would think that the husbands would insist on taking their wives to separate apartments instead of all living together. But then there is much compensation in being the husband of a Dolly.

## DANCING AT THE McALPIN

Miss Hughes and Mr. Donald Crane are making the Blue Bird room on the McAlpin Roof famous as a Tango Garden.

Mr. Rector with Miss Hazel Allen and Miss Lorraine Mishler now direct the dinner dancing in the Mezzanine restaurant.

For the information of our readers interested in dancing, Mr. Rector says: "Since the tango has been simplified and danced in a refined way, it has become practicable for the ball room. One has only to drop into any of the better-class dance restaurants or Afternoon Tangoes and note the number of persons who will immediately answer the first bars of the music. And in even the other places they are dancing it."


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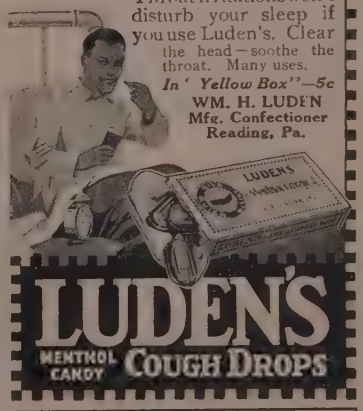


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## EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

(*Continued from page 208*)

ican genius, and the pleasure which it has already afforded in the theatres of New York and Maryland, persuade Mr. Wignell that his excuses on this occasion will be acceptable to the public and that even in so imperfect a dress the intrinsic merit of the comedy will contribute to the amusement and command the approbation of the audience.

Whether or not that intrinsic merit would contribute to the amusement of audiences to-day has to be seen by actual proof. The play in the reading is scarcely exciting. It is surprisingly devoid of situation; its chief characteristic is "talk," but that talk, reflective in its spirit of "The School of Scandal," is interesting to the social student. When the ladies discuss the manners of the times and the fashions of the day, they discuss them in terms of the Battery, but in the spirit of London. The only native product, as we have said, is Jonathan, and his surprise over the playhouse into which he is inveigled measures the surprise which must have overwhelmed the staid New England conscience of Royall Tyler when he found himself actually in that den of iniquity, the theatre. For the first time we get New England dialogue and some attempt at characterization. Wignell, being himself a character actor of much ability and the son of a player who had been a member of Garrick's Company in London, it is small wonder that he should have painted the stage Yankee in an agreeable manner.

Undoubtedly the only interest that could attach itself to this comedy for the theatre-going audience of to-day would be in its presentment according to the customs and manners of the time. In fact we would be very much entertained were it possible to make Letitia and Charlotte discuss their social schemes and ambitions in a parlor which reflected the atmosphere of New York in 1787. As a matter of fact, however, the audience that crowded into the little John Street Theatre on the opening night of "The Contrast," were treated to an interior room which was more closely akin to a London drawing-room than to a parlor in Manhattan. According to the very badly drawn frontispiece which Wignell used in the printed edition of the play, and which Dunlap executed, we see a very poor imitation of the customs, costumes, and situations which Tyler intended to suggest. Indeed we wonder whether Dunlap, when he drew this picture, did not have a little malice in his heart; for there is no doubt that he showed jealousy over the success of "The Contrast" when, after a three years' stay in London he returned to America to find "The Contrast" the talk of the town.

## MOVIES IN THE ORIENT

(*Continued from page 218*)

and if a man on the stage, or off the stage, comes to misfortune, it was destined so to be.

In a country where everyone dotes on a "sight," the drama must be lurid. Executions in real life are "well attended." Head-choppings were among the popular amusements of the week in that older day when sometimes twenty or thirty—even as high as two hundred—victims fell to the headman's knife in a single city. This was counted a gala event and the crowds remained until the heads were exposed on fence posts or poles, at bridges or street corners, where they served as an "example" to passersby. Missionaries have reported that they have seen small boys at these spectacles tossing heads about in a game of "catch," as if they had been rubber or wooden balls.

Thus it is easy to understand that crowds which enjoy this kind of spectacle, must have "action" in their theatre. And most of the native plays supply this demand, both in comedy and tragedy, because they are loaded down with the most harrowing details of murders, suicides and executions.

A great field lies open to the American motion picture industry in China, Japan, Korea and Manchuria, where prospectively there are 480,000,000 of people, certainly the largest audience in a given space in the world. The people are born theatre-goers, and are glad to spend whole days in the playhouse when they can be amused.

## PLAYERS IN BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 202*)

most of the cities through which he passed.

Helen Lowell, the famous character actress, is not only a successful farmer, but a dog fancier of enviable record.

Telephone calls often came to Rose Stahl. "Please send up two pounds of tenderloin steak, and hurry. Cook wants to put it on the fire in an hour." "If your spareribs are good, let me have some at once. A pound will do." "How are your sausages to-day?" Inquiries which were directly traceable to her possession of a meatmarket, in so far as her ownership of the building containing it was concerned. Miss Stahl is interested in real estate investments. Her holdings on Long Island are acquired and disposed of according to her active will. Miss Stahl lends money, too, on the best New Jersey real estate, after careful personal inspection.

Actors wander into Wall Street, are shorn and come away bleating. Some actors that is. Many indeed. But there are shining exceptions. John Miltern is one of these. From that class of stock termed "War Brides" he cleared a "cool"—wonder why there is always an allusion to temperature when a man makes money,—sixty-five thousand dollars.

A hotel at Manchester, in Massachusetts, derives much of its success, and part of its festive spirit, from its partner and backer, one George Cleary, better known to us as Fisk O'Hara. The Ross Fenton Farm, a popular New Jersey Inn, is an object lesson in what players can do for the refreshment of body as well as of spirit. Billy Van's hotel at Sunapee, New Hampshire, is another such example, as is its proprietor one of versatility when he serves Sunapee as Mayor.

May Irwin converted Irwin Castle, without doubt the handsomest home ever built by a Thespian in America, into a summer inn.

Marie Dressler buys concessions at summer resorts. The "peanut privilege" of Luna Park in Coney Island was hers one summer.

## VICTOR RECORDS

Lovers of music the country over will find extreme pleasure in the new list of Victor Records for September which has just been issued.

The great Caruso gives a masterful interpretations of Cesar Franck's "La Procession." An exceptionally artistic interpretation of the favorite "Prologue" from "Pagliacci" is presented by Emilio de Gogorza, his singing being notable for its purity of tone and emotional intensity. The baritone also sings delightfully a strikingly different number, a captivating ballad, "I Feel I'm in Love," made from a very popular French one-step success. The brilliant and difficult "Polonaise" from Mignon is contributed by Mabel Garrison and this attractive number serves well to exhibit the lovely freshness and purity of her voice, and its really marvelous flexibility. *Advt.*

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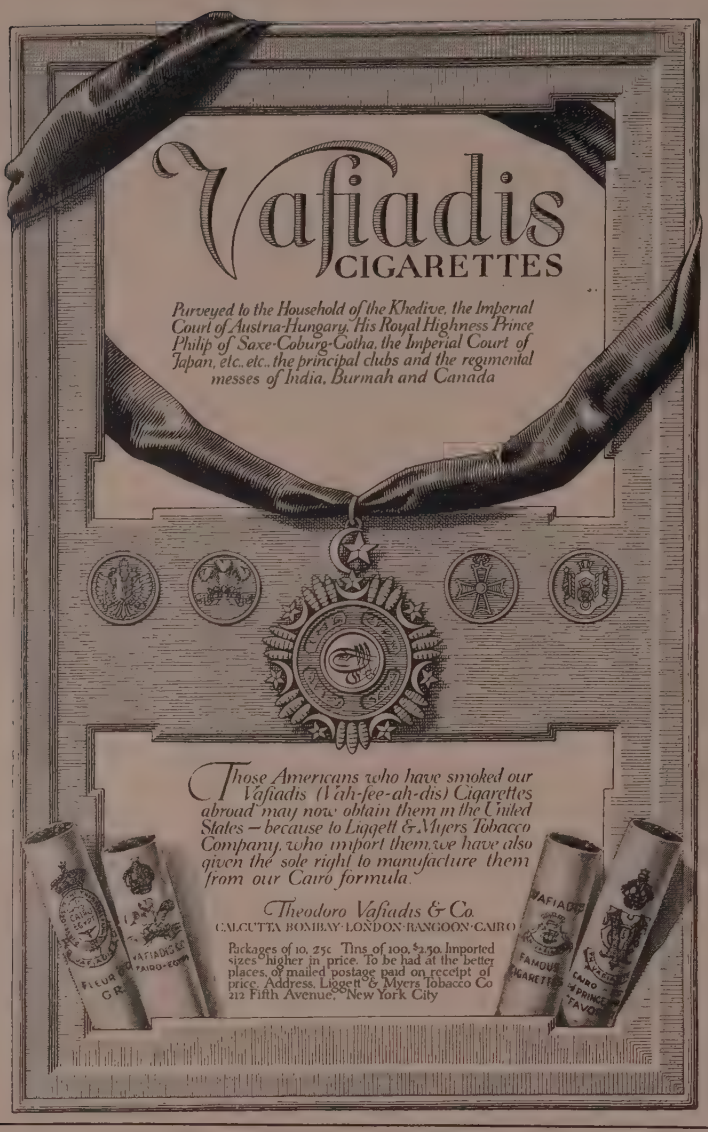
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## THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAY

*(Continued from page 200)*

its eyes. But to turn from serious drama to the field of comedy. Here we find more encouragement, as our national temper is attuned to humor if not to frivolity, and farce flourishes in our environment.

Yet the strongest comedy of last season came over from England, and in "Hobson's Choice" we found behind the gales of laughter a touch of real human feeling which at times suggested tragedy. When Whitford Kane pronounced it the "modern King Lear" he was not far wrong. This play was brimming with vitality and so intensely human that no sensible person could find fault with its broad humor.

We have comedies here—delightful ones—and some of them are unproduced at this moment—in spite of the efforts of admiring play readers and enthusiastic actors and stage directors. The writer knows of one which is undoubtedly a gem, but the actress who cherishes it cannot find a manager to put it on.

One who has had experience from the inside, knows that many things have to be favorable to the production of a play before it actually reaches the public. After it has passed the expert or experts employed to pass on new material, and has attracted the manager sufficiently for him to buy an option and schedule it among the next season's productions, its troubles have only just begun. The selection of a proper cast is often a terrible piece of work, and many a production is on the waiting list because the right man or woman is engaged elsewhere.

And a new venture has so many enemies.

At almost any stage of the play's progress toward the opening night, something is likely to happen. The star may quarrel with his manager, and the latter is very likely in his irritation and weariness to put the whole blame on the play. Then there is the officious adviser whose depreciating word is so discouraging to those who are risking a small fortune on the work of a perhaps unknown writer. Stage managers, stock producers, men in charge of houses all over the country, consider themselves qualified to judge, and will damage a new offering in the eyes of a producer before it even reaches a metropolitan production. It is a form of egotism—without reason and often without malice—but it has deadly results.

It is a precarious game and a costly one, and one can hardly blame the manager who sometimes loses heart and allows a play to fall by the wayside—because he is assured that the piece will be a failure.

As a matter of fact there are very few persons who have the curious instinct to recognize in untried work, the possible or probable winner. It is a talent in itself and a rare one. The actor is, as a rule, a bad judge of plays, for he looks at the stage from an altogether different angle than the author. A fine stage director on the other hand is often a very keen critic, if he is broad enough to detach himself from a personal point of view.

Promiscuous abuse of plays which have certain obvious faults helps neither the author nor the public. One brilliant play was almost snowed under last season by a perfect storm of criticism, when all it needed was a little careful cutting and reconstruction.

I am quite ready to admit that the work should have been done before the opening night, but it is equally obvious that if the newspaper men were really anxious to find entertainment for the public, they should have recognized it in this offering.

The play survived and had a run, but they injured it irretrievably. One who meets many aspiring playwrights, learns to feel such an intense sympathy for their hard fate that these things hurt. They are pathetic in their hopefulness and tragic in their disappointment and despair—I speak, of course, of those who have a right to be considered at all. With the rest, I believe it is best to be brutally honest and arouse no false hopes. There are other things to do in life. But genuine sympathetic criticism from the press would help the growing dramatist so much—it might even tend toward the creation of that elusive thing, "the great American play." Ridicule never helps—even though it may enhance the reputation of the critic for brilliancy.

We shall not, for a long time to come, have the choice of a large and distinguished foreign output to throw the native product into the shade. The brilliant Hungarian play with its keen biting flavor—the Viennese operetta with its sparkle and humor—the naughty but fascinating French comedy or farce—the English play of manners—how many of the authors of these have given up their lives on the field and left the world of the theatre forever the poorer for their loss? It is to be hoped that an eminent English author is right when he says that there will be a return to more earnest work and sincerer literature and drama after the war is over—but meanwhile we are considering the American playwright and his chance to make good. Let him rise to it, for the world is waiting to see him prove the stuff he is made of.

Surely these times should deepen his sympathies and give him a truer insight into life. Let him forget the box office, but if he is human enough and sincere enough, and nature has endowed him with a genuine gift, the rewards will surely follow.

---

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

The unprecedented number of world-famous names in the October list of Columbia Records makes it probably the most distinguished list ever announced by any company.

Among those whose names are new to the Columbia public are world-famous artists like Lucy Gates, the distinguished coloratura prima-donna soprano, who sings Grieg's haunting musical setting of Ibsen's "Solveig's Song"; Graham Marr, the American operatic baritone, whose first offering is Foster's old ballad, "Uncle Ned"; Otto Goritz, basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Frank Gittelson, the American violin genius; Robert Leonhardt, the Metropolitan baritone, and W. H. Squire, the great English 'cellist.

Beside this splendid array of initial recordings, the October Columbia list presents quite as brilliant a galaxy of stars who have already made recordings for Columbia. Kathleen Parlow plays the Thais "Meditation"; Pablo Casals, the wizard of the 'cello, brings out the very soul of the strings in Granados' "Spanish Dance"; Johannes Sembach, greatest of German tenors, sings the great Sword Aria from "Siegfried"; Maggie Teyte, daintiest prima-donna of opera, revives all the tenderness of "Home, Sweet Home"; and Orville Harrold and Margaret Keyes sing ballads and songs of the heart. *Advt.*

---

## BOOKS RECEIVED

BONNIE MAY. By Louis Dodge. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BOOK OF THE DANCE. By Arnold Genthe. Illustrated. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE DAUGHTER PAYS. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: George H. Doran Co.

## THE STAGE CHILD AND THE LAW

(Continued from page 192)

to protect against injustice and the child of the sweat-shop, mill or factory, is so entirely different that to include them in the same classification is as unfair as it is absurd. I have been in the worst sweat-shops in New York City. I have seen and inspected personally the worst mill and factory conditions to be found in any State in the Union. My experience there convinces me of the error of the present classification.

I have seen children in many schools where their occupation was just as much work and as much entitled to be so classified as to classify the stage child as a working child. Personally I never met a stage child that did not love its "work." I have met many children to whom school was a bitter task. I never saw a factory child that didn't hate its slavery.

Prohibitory laws do not even protect stage children. They seem to have just the opposite effect. Mr. Davies, a former factory inspector of Illinois, said at a public meeting in Chicago recently that there were more children on the stage in Illinois at that time under its law prohibiting children from the stage than there had been at any time in the entire history of the State, and they were there without any legal protection and in spite of all they could do. An amusing experience under our regulative law as to stage children in Denver, where I have granted permits for the last five years, has been the granting of permits to children of tender age who had without any protection played in the same companies in the States of Massachusetts, Illinois and Arizona under their prohibitive laws against stage children. Our regulative law protected these children against the prohibitive laws of those States. Yet this is no argument against prohibiting children from the stage—if they ought to be prohibited. I think there is an element of severe and unnecessary injustice in prohibiting *all* children from the stage.

The plan I suggest does not contemplate exemption clauses for stage children in model child labor laws. I prefer there be no such exemptions. It leaves those laws intact without subjecting them to the possible dangers of class legislation. An interesting thing about the solution I suggest is that, if it is not feasible as a federal enactment, it may carry all the advantages of such when enacted in a few States in different portions of the Union. The aim of such a law would be to protect children not only of one State, but in a measure of all the States. It would be "An Act Concerning the Dramatic Education of Children." It could be added as a separate statute to the code of *school laws* or appended to some such laws that already exist. It is not my object to work out all the details of such a law within the scope of this article. Briefly it would enable some such authority as the children's court or superintendent of schools, upon hearing the petition to grant a permit for a special schooling of children, including dramatic education, by appearing in a part in some play. It would require fixing of a minimum compensation for child, guardian or teacher; investigation as to parents. If parents are shiftless, or living by the child's earnings, a proper guardian to be appointed to receive, invest, and use money due the child for its education; the duties of this guardian or parent would be secured by a proper bond as in cases in probate courts, with semi-annual reports to be made as in other cases; that the manager furnish sleeping car accommodations to the child and attendant; the child to be accompanied by parent or guardian competent to teach the lessons exacted by the grammar school; appropriate regulations concerning schooling and limitations of performances; proper health certificates, and an accident or other insurance policy for the protection of the child. These requirements to be guaranteed by a bond with substantial penalty to be forfeited without suit if the conditions imposed are not complied with, not alone in the State granting the permit, but *in every State where the child appears*, during entire itinerary or engagement. Such a certificate granted in a State where such a law existed would be acceptable in other States. A permit in one State having such a law would thus, by virtue of the bond, protect the child in States that had no law at all on the subject. The stage child would thus have a tutor and advantages that few of them have in their own homes, and at the same time surrounded by safeguards that are quite uncommon to the average child in home or neighborhood.

The great majority of the traveling companies generally start from New York. If there was no such law in New York, and in only three or four—or even one—State in the Union, through which such companies had to pass, the chances are the conditions thus imposed would be arranged before starting on tour. For the temporary appearance of children in their own home towns in exhibitions of a very limited period or when given by schools, charities, or philanthropies, special provisions could be made.

The effect of such a regulative scheme would be much more acceptable from every angle of justice than the prohibitory laws that, by their admitted injustice in many specified cases, only encourage their general violation. It would eliminate from the stage many children that do not belong there.

## THE DANCE SPECTACLE DOMINATES VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 212)

Tully whose "Dances of the World" consist of measured steps intended to characterize the different ages from the caveman to the fox-trot period, all of which are presented with atmospheric drops and tricks of stage dressing which make it of wide appeal.

A Greek phantasy, an East Indian legend and, of course, a Hawaiian number comprise the repertoire of Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, assisted by Kenneth Harlan and Company, and contributed with the aid of scenic and electrical garnishments. Miss Fontaine is quite earnest in her endeavor to dress her numbers with historical accuracy, and one of her costumes—that for "The Box of Evil"—seems to consist principally of authenticity and a string of beads.

Brother St. Denis—his relationship with Ruth of that ilk being thus established by the program—is the genius responsible for the glimpse of harem life conveyed by Vanda Hoff and Betalo Rubino in the offering called "The Dancing Girl of Delhi." It tells the story of a seductive dancer who wrests from the Sultan's favorite her laurels as the most alluring of his denizens.

Heroic service in the advancement of the one-act playlet is being performed by the Washington Square Players, lately removed from the Bandbox Theatre to the Comedy. Just now they are fulfilling the functions of Godparents to the condensed drama, from their cradle having come two lusty youngsters in "The Clod" which Sarah Padden is presenting, and "The Age of Reason," in which Vivian and Genevieve Tobin are featured. Both of these were recently done at the Palace, where the cordiality of their reception promptly merited long routes.


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# THE ASTOR CUP MOTOR RACE

A FULL entry list of thirty-two cars, piloted by the world's most noted speed merchants, is assured for the Astor Cup Race at two hundred and fifty miles, to be run on the Sheepshead Bay $4,000,000 speedway, on September 30th, at 2:30 P. M. Rarely in the history of motor car racing has there been such a combination of fast cars and skilful drivers as will face starter Fred Wagner in this de luxe speed-fast, which the speedway management has arranged for motor racing enthusiasts.

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The pecuniary incentive which will urge on the drivers in their reckless flight around the giant oval, which is unquestionably the fastest automobile track in the world, is a total cash prize award of $25,000. Of this amount the winner will receive $10,000, second $5,000, third, $2,500, fourth $1,600, fifth $1,300, sixth $1,200, seventh $1,000, eighth $900, ninth $800, tenth $700. But more than this, the race represents the beginning of the final lap in the exciting struggle for the honor of being declared the champion race driver of the year by the American Automobile Association. In this connection the present standing of the drivers, Resta having 2,400 points; De Palma 1,790; Aitken 1,720; Rickenbacher 1,570, and D'Alene 1,120, insures a contest fought out to the bitterest extremity to gain a few more credits in the race for this coveted title. In addition to the cash prizes there are several beautiful and valuable trophies to be annexed by the winner, notably the Bosch and Rayfield trophies.

The average spectator will scarcely realize, in spite of the fact that it is absolutely true, that the thirty-two cars which will circle the great track on September 30th, represent a cold cash value of more than $500,000, a sum greater than is expended on the most elaborate theatrical production. Incidentally all this valuable property is in constant jeopardy and any one of thousand minute chances of the track are likely to send them to the junk heap, torn and riven wrecks of what they once were. Already several of the drivers are on the track, practicing for the big race and from the time achieved in these trial spins, spectators at the Astor Cup race are certain to be treated to the most thrilling contest ever staged.

Entries have already been assured from Resta and his invincible Peugeot; De Palma and his four-cylinder Mercedes; Aitken and his Peugeot, which swept the boards at Cincinnati and Indianapolis a few weeks ago; Rickenbacher and his sturdy Maxwell; the two Mercers which are ready for a gruelling contest after months of preparation, one of them driven by Eddie Pullen, back on the track after almost a year's absence; Mulford in his speedy Peugeot; O'Donnell, who has been out of the hospital only a few weeks. Christiaens will be on hand with two Sunbeams, one of which he will drive, and in addition there will be such sterling drivers as Chandler and Lewis in their Crawford Specials; Devlin in a Duesenberg; Wilcox in a Premier, and another car of that make with the driver not yet named; Tom Alley in his Ogren, the Frontenacs, the Omar Special, the Hudson Special and Harry Harkness' remarkably speedy team of Delages, which have been out of competition since spring, as a mark of respect to the memory of Carl Limberg, who was killed in one of them during the Metropolitan Cup Race in May.

© Padelford

HARRY S. HARKNESS
President Sheepshead Bay Speedway

Such competition as this will demand every ounce of power and nerve possessed by cars and drivers alike. Well over one hundred miles per hour must be maintained by the pilot who hopes to show in the first three positions. To insure the fastest pace for the actual race, the officials have designated ninety miles per hour for two laps of the track as the qualifying speed. If every speed record up to the limit of the race is not decisively beaten on September 30th, there will be surprise in the ranks of the knowing followers of motor car racing.

White

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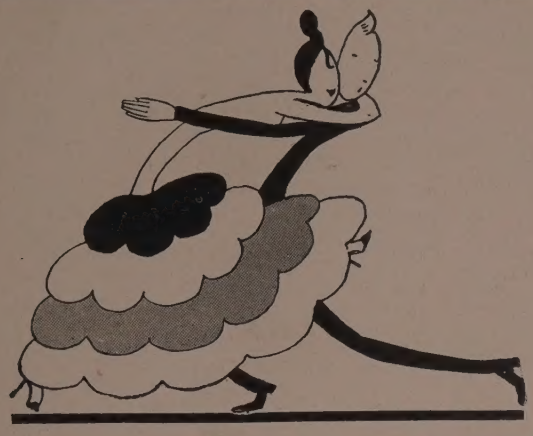

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